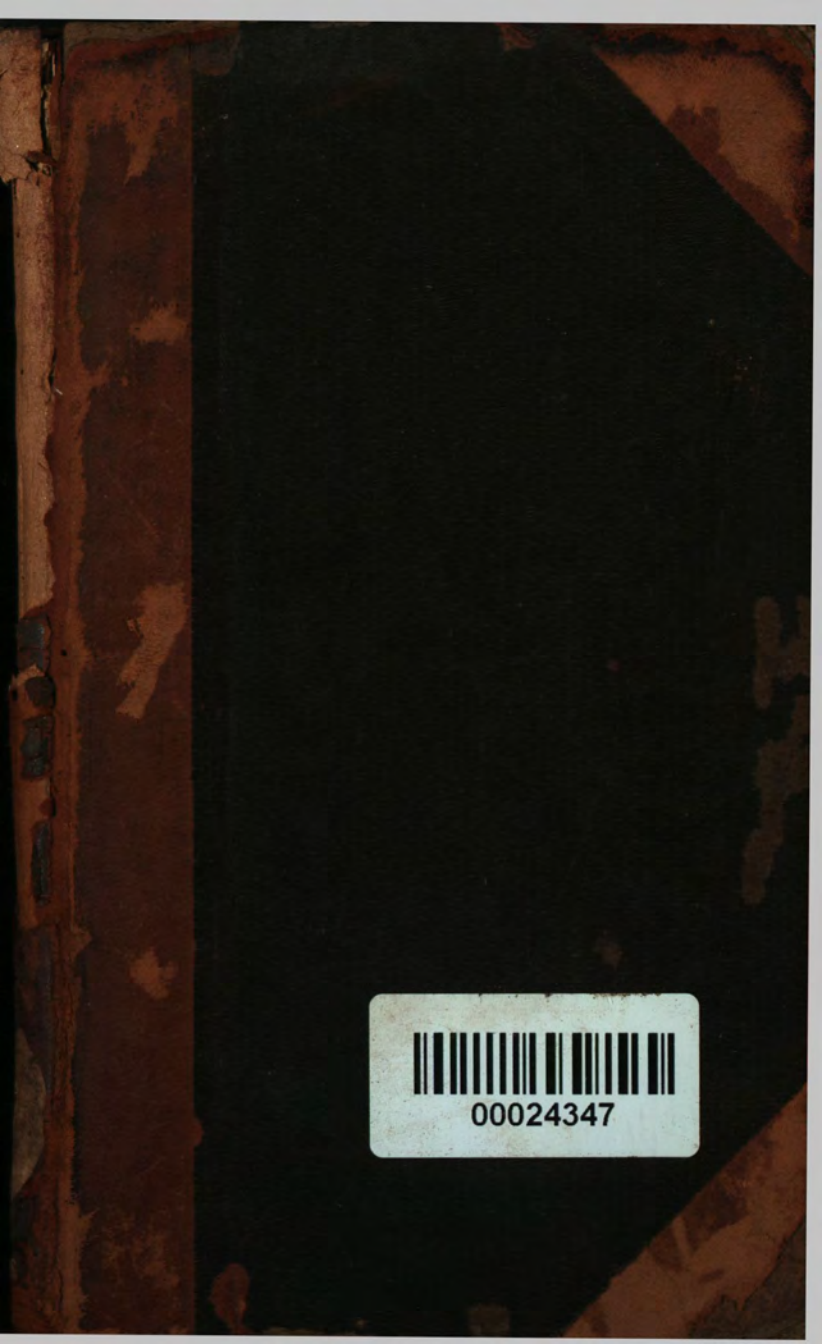
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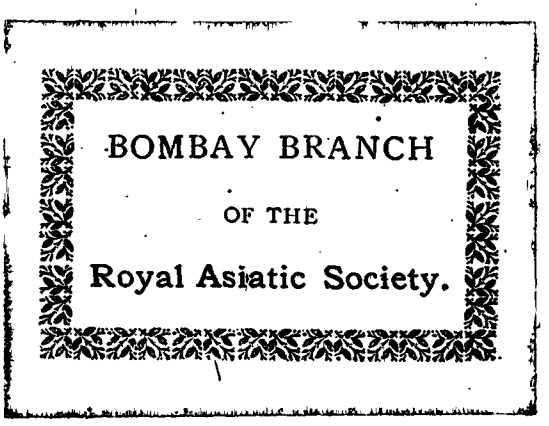

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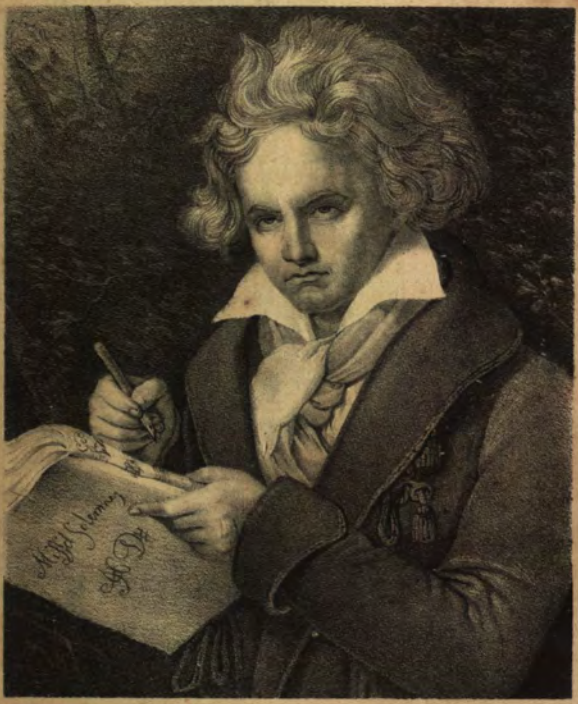

Ludwig van Beethoven

Published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street. 1841.

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THE LIFE

OF

BEETHOVEN,

INCLUDING HIS

CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS FRIENDS,

NUMEROUS CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS,

AND REMARKS ON HIS MUSICAL WORKS.

EDITED BY

IGNACE MOSCHELES, Esq.,

Pianist to his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1841.

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LONDON:
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Stamford Street.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH on appearing for the first time as the Editor of a literary publication, my feelings may be somewhat like those of a child putting on a new dress, yet I feel the responsibility of my position far more than its novelty; for the subject of my first essay is one not to be approached by me, at least, without seriousness and reverence. That the amount, however, of this editorial responsibility may be thought neither greater nor less than it really is, I must beg leave to state my precise share in this publication, and to advert to the qualifications with which I have entered on my task.

In acceding to Mr. Colburn's request

that I would add to the English translation of Schindler's Biography of Beethoven which he was about to publish, such explanatory notes, characteristics, and letters as might tend more fully to illustrate and complete the whole, I had to subscribe to one clause in the agreement between Mr. Schindler and the publisher, namely, that the work should be given as he wrote it, without omission or alteration. The Notes bearing my signature, then, are all that belong to me in these volumes. The Appendix is, however, of my collection, and will be found to consist of the following documents :—

VOLUME I.

Letters from Beethoven to Kapellmeister Hoffmeister and C. F. Peters, music-publishers, relative to the sale of some of his compositions.

Letter on the first appearance of Beethoven's "Fidelio."

Beethoven's Letters to Madame Bettine Von Arnim.

Letter of Madame Bettine Von Arnim to Göthe.

A Day with Beethoven.

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Beethoven's Letters to Mademoiselle Von Breuning, Wegeler, and Ries.

Beethoven's Correspondence with Messrs. Neate and Ries.

Account of a Concert given by Beethoven at the Kaernthnerthor Theatre, Vienna.

Characteristics of Beethoven from Wegeler and Ries's "Notizen."

Additional Characteristics, Traits, and Anecdotes of Beethoven.

Beethoven's Last Moments.

Funeral Honours to Beethoven, and

Miserere. Amplius. Libera, for four voices, with an Organ accompaniment, performed at the funeral.

Concert in aid of Beethoven's Monument, at Drury Lane Theatre, July 19th, 1837.

Sale of Beethoven's MSS. and Musical Library.

Systematic Catalogue of all the original Works of Beethoven, published by T. Haslinger, from Vienna.

Moscheles' complete Edition of Beethoven's Works, published by Messrs. Cramer and Co.

So far the task of explanation is easy; but I am now entering upon more delicate ground—my own qualifications for the editorship. If in stating these I appear to be somewhat prolix, I hope that a little indulgence may be conceded to me from my desire to show that my impressions of reverence for Beethoven's genius are not things of yesterday; but that I began early to follow him in his glorious creations, and to study his personal, as well as his artistical character, with an enthusiasm which years and experience have done nothing to diminish. To satisfy the craving which I felt, when a boy nine or ten years old, at Prague, for the best musical productions of the

time, I subscribed to a library which afforded me the compositions of Dussek, Steibelt, Woelffl, Kozeluch, and Eberl—works of no insurmountable difficulty to me; though, indeed, so far from mastering them, I only ran through them, without particular attention to finish, enjoying in each its peculiar style. I had been placed under the guidance and tuition of Dionysius Weber, the founder and present director of the Prague Musical Conservatory; and he, fearing that, in my eagerness to read new music, I might injure the systematic development of my Piano-forte playing, prohibited the library; and, in a plan for my musical education which he laid before my parents, made it an express condition, that for three years I should study no other authors but Mozart, Clementi, and S. Bach. I must confess, however, that, in spite of such prohibitions, I visited the library, gaining access to it

through my pocket-money. It was about this time that I learnt from some school-fellows that a young composer had appeared at Vienna, who wrote the oddest stuff possible—such as no one could either play or understand; crazy music, in opposition to all rule; and that this composer's name was *Beethoven*. On repairing to the library to satisfy my curiosity as to this so-called eccentric genius, I found there Beethoven's *Sonate pathétique*. This was in the year 1804. My pocket-money would not suffice for the purchase of it, so I secretly copied it. The novelty of its style was so attractive to me, and I became so enthusiastic in my admiration of it, that I forgot myself so far as to mention my new acquisition to my master, who reminded me of his injunction, and warned me not to play or study any eccentric productions until I had based my style upon more solid models. Without, however,

minding his injunctions, I seized upon the piano-forte works of Beethoven as they successively appeared, and in them found a solace and a delight such as no other composer afforded me.

In the year 1809, my studies with my master, Weber, closed; and, being then also fatherless, I chose Vienna for my residence to work out my future musical career. Above all, I longed to see and become acquainted with *that man* who had exercised so powerful an influence over my whole being; whom, though I scarcely understood, I blindly worshipped. I learnt that Beethoven was most difficult of access, and would admit no pupil but Ries; and, for a long time, my anxiety to see him remained ungratified. In the year 1810, however, the longed-for opportunity presented itself. I happened to be one morning in the music-shop of Domenico Artaria, who had just been publishing some of my

early attempts at composition, when a man entered with short and hasty steps, and, gliding through the circle of ladies and professors assembled on business or talking over musical matters, without looking up, as though he wished to pass unnoticed, made his way direct for Artaria's private office at the bottom of the shop. Presently Artaria called me in, and said, "*This is Beethoven!*" and, to the composer, "This is the youth of whom I have just been speaking to you." Beethoven gave me a friendly nod, and said he had just heard a favourable account of me. To some modest and humble expressions which I stammered forth he made no reply, and seemed to wish to break off the conversation. I stole away with a greater longing for that which I had sought than I had felt before this meeting, thinking to myself—"Am I then indeed such a nobody that he could not put one musical question

to me?—nor express one wish to know who had been my master, or whether I had any acquaintance with his works?" My only satisfactory mode of explaining the matter and comforting myself for this omission was in Beethoven's tendency to deafness, for I had seen Artaria speaking close to his ear.

But I made up my mind that the more I was excluded from the private intercourse which I so earnestly coveted, the closer I would follow Beethoven in all the productions of his mind. I never missed the Schuppanzigh Quartetts, at which he was often present, or the delightful Concerts at the Augarten, where he conducted his own Symphonies. I also heard him play several times, which however he did but rarely, either in public or private. The productions which made the most lasting impression upon me, were his Fantasia with orchestral accompaniments and chorus, and

his Concerto in c minor. I also used to meet him at the houses of MM. Zmeskall and Zizius, two of his friends, through whose musical meetings Beethoven's works first made their way to public attention: but, in place of better acquaintance with the great man, I had mostly to content myself on his part with a distant salute.

It was in the year 1814, when Artaria undertook to publish a piano-forte arrangement of Beethoven's "Fidelio," that he asked the composer whether I might be permitted to make it: Beethoven assented, upon condition that he should see my arrangement of each of the pieces, before it was given into the engraver's hands. Nothing could be more welcome to me, since I looked upon this as the long wished-for opportunity to approach nearer to the great man, and to profit by his remarks and corrections. During my frequent visits,

the number of which I tried to multiply by all possible excuses, he treated me with the kindest indulgence. Although his increasing deafness was a considerable hindrance to our conversation, yet he gave me many instructive hints, and even played to me such parts as he wished to have arranged in a particular manner for the piano-forte. I thought it, however, my duty not to put his kindness to the test by robbing him of his valuable time by any subsequent visits; but I often saw him at Maelzel's, where he used to discuss the different plans and models of a Metronome which the latter was going to manufacture, and to talk over the "Battle of Vittoria," which he wrote at Maelzel's suggestion. Although I knew Mr. Schindler, and was aware that he was much with Beethoven at that time, I did not avail myself of my acquaintance with him for the purpose of intruding myself upon the composer. I mention these cir-

cumstances to show how very difficult of access this extraordinary man was, and how he avoided all musical discussion; for even with his only pupil, Ries, it was very seldom that he would enter into any explanations. In my later intercourse with him, he gave me but laconic answers on questions of art; and on the character of his own works, made only such condensed remarks as required all my imagination and fancy to develop what he meant to convey. The impatience naturally accompanying his infirmity of deafness, no doubt greatly increased his constitutional reserve in the latter part of life.

On subsequent visits to Vienna, after I had established myself in London, in the year 1821, Beethoven received me with increased cordiality; and that he counted on me as a friend I think is proved, by his intrusting me, during his last illness, with an important mission to the Philharmonic

Society of London, of which mention is made in the following pages.

My feelings with respect to Beethoven's music have undergone no variation, save to become warmer. In the first half-score of years of my acquaintance with his works, he was repulsive to me as well as attractive. In each of them, while I felt my mind fascinated by the prominent idea, and my enthusiasm kindled by the flashes of his genius, his unlooked-for episodes, shrill dissonances, and bold modulations, gave me an unpleasant sensation. But how soon did I become reconciled to them! All that had appeared hard, I soon found indispensable. The gnome-like pleasantries, which at first appeared too distorted—the stormy masses of sound, which I found too chaotic—I have, in after-times, learned to love. But, while retracting my early critical exceptions, I must still maintain as my creed, that eccentricities like those

of Beethoven are reconcileable with *his* works alone, and are dangerous models to other composers, many of whom have been wrecked in their attempts at imitation. Whether the musical world can ever recognise the most modern examples of effort to outdo Beethoven in boldness and originality of conception, I leave to future generations to decide.

But all that I have ever felt or thought of Beethoven, his elevation above all his contemporaries, and his importance to art, are so beautifully expressed by the celebrated critic, H. G. Nägeli, that I shall not forbear to avail myself of a passage in one of his lectures,* although the fear of being charged with vanity, from its containing a compliment to myself, might have deterred me from so doing. It may

* Delivered in the year 1824, in Carlsruhe, Darmstadt, Francfort, Mayence, Stuttgart, and Tübingen; they appeared in print in 1826.

be necessary to premise that the critic considers J. S. Bach as the fountain-head of instrumental music, and ascribes its further and gradual development to C. P. E. Bach, J. Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Cramer, Pleyel, until the art attained its climax under Beethoven at the beginning of the present century.—"Beethoven (says Nägeli) appeared a hero in the art; and where shall the historian find words to depict the regeneration he produced, when the poet himself must here feel at a loss? Music had received two-fold injury in its purity of style—I mean instrumental music, unaided by the charms of vocalisation, as it had existed at the point to which it had been elevated by the Bachs. Mozart's Cantabile, as contrasted with the strict school, and Pleyel's divertimento style, had diluted and debased it; and to Beethoven, the hero, do we owe its regeneration now and for ever. Instinctively original, keenly searching for

novelty, resolutely opposing antiquated forms, and freely exploring the new world which he had created not only for himself but for all his brethren in the art, he may be said to have set to all a task, the solution of which is a constant regeneration of design and idea; thus giving full scope to the emanations of the mind. Beethoven's music wears an ever-varying aspect, bright in all its changes, yet could its language not at once become familiar to those, who had lulled their higher powers to rest with the hum of Divertimento's and Fantasias, whilst on all sides the worshippers of the *Cantilena* were heard to exclaim, 'And is such originality beautiful? and should there not be beauty to render originality palatable?'—little thinking that Beethoven's weapons were of a higher order, and that he conquered, not by winning over his hearers to the soft Cantilena alone, but by speaking in sounds unearthly, thrill-

ing, penetrating, filling the soul, and carrying along—not individuals, but cities—even the whole of Europe. As to the art of piano-forte playing, that too gained a new aspect under him; running passages were set aside; the Toccata style took unexpected forms in his hands. He introduced combinations of distant intervals, original in their very aspect, and heightened by peculiarities of rhythm and staccato's, absorbing in their sparkling brilliancy the Cantabile, to which they formed a glaring contrast. Unlike Steibelt, Dussek, and some of their cotemporaries, in their endeavours to *draw* out the tone (*filez le son*), Beethoven would *throw* it out in detached notes, thus producing the effect of a fountain gushing forth and darting its spray on all sides, well contrasting with the melodious episodes which he still preserved. But a genius like his soon found the limits of piano-forte music too narrow a sphere to

move in, and he produced, in turn, works for stringed instruments, and for a whole band. Nevertheless, he never *would* dive into the mysteries of the science of counterpoint; had he done so, he would have trodden the path of a J. S. Bach, and his imaginative vein, as well as his creative genius, might have been checked. Let us then bow to him, as the inventor, *par excellence*, of our era. The cotemporaries who vied with him at the beginning of the new century were—Eberl, Haak, Hummel, Liste, Stadler, Tomaschek, Weyse, and Wölffl; but he towered above them all, and did not cease to pour out endless stores of invention and originality, exciting in later years anew body of aspirants to enter the lists of inventive composition,—and with success. We name Feska, Hummel, Onslow, Reicha, Ries, the two Rombergs, Spohr, C. M. v. Weber; and of a yet later date, Kuhlau, Tomaschek, and Worzischek: these have been

joined in the last few years by Carl Czerny and Moscheles. Thus do we live in an era fertile in genius, fertile in productions—an era, regenerated by the master spirit—Beethoven!"

But I will detain the reader no longer. If, in my preface, I have appeared to him tedious, I would beg him to remember the words of Pliny the younger—"I have not time to write a short letter, therefore I send you a long one."

I. MOSCHELES.

3, *Chester Place, Regent's Park,*
January, 1841.

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LIFE

OF

BEETHOVEN.

INTRODUCTION.

During the painful illness of full four months which terminated in the death of Ludwig van Beethoven, he was one day conversing with Hofrath von Breuning and myself on the subject of Plutarch's Lives. Breuning took advantage of the long-wished-for opportunity to ask Beethoven, apparently without any particular object, which of his contemporaries he should prefer for his biographer. Without the least hesitation, he replied, "Rochlitz, if he should survive me." He went on to say that it might be anticipated with certainty, that after his decease many officious

pens would hasten to amuse the world with stories and anecdotes concerning him, utterly destitute of truth—for such is the usual lot of those who have had any influence upon their times. It was, therefore, his sincere wish that whatever might hereafter be said concerning him "should be in every respect strictly consonant with truth, no matter how hard it might bear upon this or the other person, or even upon himself."

This sentiment of Beethoven's, uttered at a moment when his dissolution appeared to us to be near at hand—though his physicians still held out to him some hopes of recovery, while at the same time they felt thoroughly convinced of its impossibility —this sentiment was too important for us to neglect following it up. In so doing, however, we were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution; as indeed we were in everything which, in his state of severe suf-

fering, had any reference, however remote, to death: for his imagination, more excited than when in health, ranged through the universe, formed projects of tours, of prodigious compositions, and other enterprises. In short, he had no idea that death was so near, neither would he take any warning of its approach. In fact, all his desire was to live; for he still intended to do much, that none but himself, perhaps, was capable of accomplishing.

Prudence, therefore, enjoined us to refrain from touching upon that point, which he himself avoided, and to watch for a suitable opportunity when we should find him again disposed to speak further upon it. This opportunity occurred but too soon, as his end was evidently approaching. Sensible of the rapid decline of his physical powers, he now himself declared that all hope of his recovery was vain, and began to look death in the face with stoic fortitude.

Plutarch and other favourite Greek authors lay around him, and thus one day—it might be the seventh or eighth before his decease—he made some observations on Lucius Brutus, whose character he highly admired. This was a signal to Breuning and myself to resume the conversation, which we had dropped, with respect to his biographer, and to direct it according to our wishes. Resigned already to his fate, Beethoven read with great attention a paper on this subject, drawn up by his older friend Breuning, and then very calmly said, "There lies such a paper, there such another—take them, and make the best use you can of them; but let the truth be strictly adhered to in every point. For this I hold both of you responsible, and write on the subject to Rochlitz." Our object was now accomplished, for he gave us himself the necessary explanations respecting the papers. This memorable scene by the

sick-bed of our beloved friend terminated in his desiring me to take charge of all the letters that were there, and Breuning of all his other papers, among which was the first version of the opera of "Fidelio," in score—an injunction with which we punctually complied.

After Beethoven's death, we resolved jointly to communicate to M. Rochlitz the wish of our deceased friend, when M. von Breuning was taken ill, and in two months followed him to the grave. This totally unexpected event placed me in a particularly unpleasant situation with regard to the joint duty undertaken for Beethoven. M. von Breuning's widow soon afterwards gave up to me the papers committed to the care of her deceased husband; and I was now obliged to apply singly on the subject to M. Rochlitz. This I did by a letter, dated the 12th of September, 1827. On the

18th of the same month I received the following answer:—

"I have long been aware how much there was great and noble in the character of our respected Beethoven, notwithstanding the eccentricity and roughness of his manner; and though, during my visit to Vienna in 1822, I conversed with him only a few times with frankness and confidence, this was owing solely to the complaint with which he was afflicted, and which was so great an obstacle to any intercourse with him. This, together with the cheerful acknowledgment of his extraordinary genius and professional merit, caused me to follow, to the best of my ability, the course of his mind and of his whole inward life, in so far as it is exhibited in his works, from his youth to his death. And as I availed myself also of every opportunity to gain, from time to

time, authentic particulars concerning his outward life, I deemed myself, at his death, not wholly incompetent to be his biographer. I resolved, therefore, to undertake the office for Beethoven in the same manner that I had done for Karl Maria von Weber, by making their lives principal articles in the third volume of my work, *Für Freunde der Tonkunst* (For Friends of Music). To this is now added a further inducement in your proposal to supply me with materials, and the wish of Beethoven himself, conveyed to me through you. From all this put together, you may judge whether I feel disposed to comply with the wish expressed by you, as well as by several other friends of Beethoven's. So much the more mortifying is it, then, to me, that it is not in my power to do so. A life devoted in early years to close and almost unremitting application has, of late, been severely revenging itself upon me. . . . . Hence I am at length

compelled to submit to an almost total change of my former pursuits; and the most important part of this change is, that I sit and write much less than formerly; and, that I may not be again forced or enticed to break this rule, I decline undertaking any work of consequence. And thus I am obliged to renounce the fulfilment of your wish as well as my own. . . . . I cannot tell you how it grieves me to give this answer; but we must all bow to necessity. Accept my thanks for your confidence."

Notwithstanding this positive refusal, I ventured to repeat my request to M. Rochlitz, at the same time offering to assist him in the task; as, in addition to the materials destined for his use, I was in possession of many important facts collected during an intercourse of many years with Beethoven, with which no other person was or could be acquainted, because they had

arisen from my own connexion with the great man.

I was favoured as early as the 3rd of October with the answer of M. Rochlitz, from which I shall only make the following extract:—

"I thank you, in the first place, for the copy you have sent me of Beethoven's will.* I cannot tell you how much I was delighted with the cordial child-like goodness of heart which it so unequivocally displays, or how deeply I have been affected by the painful sufferings of his excellent soul. Most assuredly this document will produce the same effect on all who shall peruse it, the absolutely bad alone excepted. Indeed, I know not anything more favourable or more convincing that could be said of the deceased, in speaking of him, not as an artist, but as a man. I cannot undertake to comply with your wish as expressed

* It was that of 1802.

in a new form; and it is of no use to either of us if I add I am sorry for it."

Upon these refusals of M. Rochlitz, adhering to the resolution that I had previously formed, in case that writer should decline the commission, not to resign the papers in my hands to any other person,—I took no further steps, and made up my mind to wait for suitable time and circumstances.

If we are to have a complete biography of Beethoven,—of the man who must be classed among the greatest that ages have produced,—we want no flights of poetry and imagination on the subject of his works, or the analysis of them, such as have already appeared by thousands, and will continue to appear, some good, some bad, according to the respective qualifications and powers of the authors, each of whom considered the genius of the great composer as his own rainbow, and consequently each in a

different manner; but the main point is to show under what circumstances, and in what position, Beethoven produced his splendid and imperishable creations; consequently, to furnish facts, the greatest part of which one must have collected on the spot, and moreover have witnessed by the side of this extraordinary man, in order to be able to form a just estimate of their greater or less influence on his whole existence. In this position, affording a guarantee for truth and authenticity, there stands, as regards Beethoven, not one of his surviving friends excepting myself; neither is there any besides myself, who, at the time of the most important occurrences of his life, was constantly about his person, and assisting him in his occupations. This being the case, the most important part of the biography must necessarily have been furnished by me, whoever might ultimately have been its author.

I had a particular motive for not hurrying the publication of this work, namely, by withholding my friend's papers for a longer period, to soften the severe but just censure passed on many living persons who had previously sinned against the great master, and to spare them as much as possible, in order in some degree to mitigate Beethoven's express injunction, "to tell the rigid truth about everything." I say, *to spare as much as possible;* for the twelve years that have flown over Beethoven's grave have not undone the manifold wrongs, the bitter sorrows, and the deep injuries which he had to endure when living, and which brought his life and labours to a premature termination.

The notion which I had conceived twelve years ago, of the requisites necessary for a biography of Beethoven, at length became a settled conviction of my

mind, amidst the various opinions concerning him, confusedly flung together by his numberless admirers. I was satisfied that it was the only correct view. On the other hand, in the possession of such copious materials (of only a small portion of which, however, I have availed myself)—urged, moreover, by his admirers, in nearly every country in Europe, not any longer to postpone the publication of this biography—I was induced to venture, with my own humble, unaided abilities, on the important enterprise. Without, therefore, stopping to examine all that has been said concerning Beethoven, and to correct inaccuracies, which would in the end have proved to be labour in vain, I adhere, on this point, to my preconceived notions, and shall endeavour to lay before the public in this work a series of unembellished facts, as the case requires, which shall enable the admirers of the illustrious de-

ceased to comprehend and appreciate this lofty model of greatness of soul and of creative genius, in all its truth and reality. In the execution of this design, I follow a division not arising out of the history of the development of his genius, but purely from the various phases of his life, such as Beethoven himself would have adopted—that is to say, I divide his life and works into three periods; the first extending from his birth to the year 1800, the second from 1800 to October 1813, and the third from the last-mentioned date to his death in 1827.* It shall accordingly be facts that I shall chiefly endeavour to record, as nearly as possible, in chronological order, and with the closest adherence to truth; and

* It must be obvious that, in this division, I do not mean to assert that Beethoven's mental development admits of the like limitation, or is tacitly comprehended under it. To pretend to fix precise limits to that would be a bold attempt, inasmuch as his works were not published in the order in which they were composed. I shall recur to this subject in treating of the first period.

among the statements advanced by others, it is only such as bear materially upon his character, or his way of thinking and acting, that I shall either rectify, or, if need be, contradict.

As the third period will claim the largest portion of this work, it obliges me, in order not be too voluminous, to treat more briefly of the first two periods, and this I can do without detriment to the important subject, since Dr. Wegeler and M. Ferdinand Ries, in their biographical sketches of Beethoven, published two years ago, have given so many characteristic traits of him. Wegeler, the respected friend of Beethoven from his youthful days, there records all that is requisite to be told concerning his birth and abode in Bonn; so that I think it quite sufficient to confine myself in places to communications made by him to me so far back as 1828, with reference to that period, because the thread of the narrative

requires it; and that gentleman may infer from the reasons already assigned why I could not earlier comply with his repeated solicitations to accelerate the publication of this work. Unpleasant as was the notice, dated the 28th of October, 1834, which he gave me, that, on account of my long-protracted delay, he was determined to put his sketches to press, still I was obliged to let him act as he pleased. His sketches of the first years of Beethoven's life may be referred to as an authentic source; for the greater part of the particulars which they contain I have heard from the lips of the master himself.

As to the publication of Ferdinand Ries, I am sorry to be obliged to declare that Ries has in this performance said too much. Less would have been much more to the purpose. He seems almost to justify the remark of a friend and admirer of Beethoven's, who, soon after the appearance of

that pamphlet, wrote to me as follows :— "From the tone assumed by Ries, one would imagine that Beethoven had lived exclusively for him ; and, in writing those sketches and anecdotes, he seems to have kept his eye much more upon his own dear self than upon his friend and master."

Had Ries not recommended his performance in an unqualified manner, as an authentic source for a complete biography of Beethoven (which he does in his preface), and thus set himself up for an authority to be relied on by the future biographer of Beethoven, as well as by the public in general (though he had had no personal intercourse with him for full thirty-two years), I should not have made a single remark on him or his work, attaching no more importance to the latter than belongs to anecdotes in general : for aphorisms, notices, and anecdotes, constitute no logical connected whole, consequently they esta-

blish no opinion, though they assist to form one. The remarks, then, which, in my position, I think it my duty to make on the publication of Ries, in so far as it pretends to delineate the character of Beethoven, I submit on my part with all respect for the deceased, who was too early taken from us, for I too regarded him as my valued friend. He meant not designedly to tarnish the memory of one of the noblest characters, but yet he has done so. The motive of this *mal-à-propos* may possibly have originated as follows:—

At the time when Ries was a pupil of Beethoven's, he was quite as young as his judgment: he was, therefore, incapable of grasping, of comprehending, consequently also of judging, the immense sphere which even at that time was beginning to open upon the genius and upon the whole existence of his instructor. Hence it was only superficial matters, words dropped in

vexation or in playfulness—in short, anecdotes, sometimes of greater, sometimes of less consequence—which struck him and impressed themselves on his memory; but which could by no means justify him in representing Beethoven's character as being so rude as he does in pages 81,* 83, 84,

* At page 81 of his biographical particulars, Ries, in his account of the meeting of Beethoven and Steibelt at the house of Count Fries, where Steibelt performed a "studied Fantasia brillante on a theme from a Trio of Beethoven's," tells us, "This gave great offence to the admirers of Beethoven, as well as to that composer himself; he was next called to the piano to extemporize: he went in his usual, I might say, rude way, to the instrument, as though half-pushed towards it." But hold! —who could help being revolted also on reading this instance of Beethoven's rudeness from the pen of his pupil and friend, and reasoning thus:—

Rudeness is the highest degree of ill-breeding. If he, from his thirtieth to his thirty-fifth year, "usually behaved rudely," even in the higher circles—as we are told in the anecdote related by Ries, page 92—he was and must have been rude all his life, even though he had intercourse with an Archduke of Austria. At that period of life Beethoven had arrived when Ries was in Vienna. What then could be alleged in excuse of Beethoven, if Ries were right? But how many of those friends and admirers of the illustrious deceased, who

and 92, of his sketches—to say nothing of other passages. If the statements made there only by Ries are absolutely true, what a rude character was Beethoven!—how repulsive and inaccessible to juvenile talent!

In my conversations with Ries concerning Beethoven, at Frankfort, in the year 1833, I perceived all this but too

knew him longer and had opportunities of forming a more correct opinion of him than Ries, will solemnly protest against such a charge! Is it fair to publish to the world a momentary fit of ill-humour in any man, be he who he may, that it may serve as an authentic source for estimating his character? and especially in a man who belongs to remote posterity, who deserves to be recommended in so many respects to younger artists as a model worthy of imitation? Or, let me ask, is it right to drag before the tribunal of the public what has been said and done in unguarded moments among friends and acquaintance? That maxim is in general entirely false which says that "about great men anything and everything may be told: it can do them no harm." Without taking into account that this maxim is in itself very relative, the character of every man, without any reference to his mental qualities, is the point which, in a portraiture of him, should be treated with most tenderness, at the same time without derogating in the slightest degree from the truth.

plainly, and took the opportunity to set him right on many points. His memory had only retained a correct impression of the boisterous, heaven-assaulting giant, the recesses of whose mind the scholar, who had scarcely arrived at adolescence, was as yet incapable of exploring. He saw only the shell before him, but he had not discovered the right way to get at the inestimable kernel. Ten years later, and the man would probably have found it out. His short stay at Vienna in 1809, during the French occupation, was anything but calculated to furnish a better and more suitable basis for his opinions concerning Beethoven, or even to erase from his mind many an erroneous impression which it had received. With such indistinct notions Ries parted from his preceptor, at a time when, a mere student of the art, he could scarcely go alone, as indeed it was

but natural to expect at the age of scarcely twenty years. Certain it is, that the Beethoven of 1805, when Ries left Vienna, was totally different from him of 1825; and I could sincerely wish that Ries, whose abilities I respect, had once more seen Beethoven, deeply bowed down by the severe vicissitudes which he had undergone, like a burnt-out volcano, which is only at times in commotion;—that he could have heard him, and learned from his own lips what was the most particular desire of our mutual friend.

To conclude, I entreat all the friends and admirers of Beethoven to accept the assurance that, in my account of my instructor and friend, my pen shall be guided by nothing but pure love for him, and pure and unfeigned love for truth. Too deeply penetrated with the high importance of the subject to be treated of, I

shall adhere steadfastly to the determination to exert my best ability, and to keep aloof from prejudice of every kind.

Thus, then, I submit this work to the public, hoping that it may not merely furnish a biography of the great composer, but also a contribution to the history of his art. Conscious that I have spared no pains to fulfil this two-fold object, I trust that it will be acknowledged that I have written in the feeling of justice and of truth, notwithstanding the many rugged and dangerous rocks which I have had to encounter in the undertaking.

A. SCHINDLER.

LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

FIRST PERIOD.

From his Birth to the Year 1800.

Beethoven's Parentage—Contradiction of a Report on that subject—His Musical Education—Tale of a Spider—Appointed Organist to the Chapel of the Elector of Cologne—Patronised by Count von Waldstein—Clever Trick played by him—His first Musical Productions—Haydn—Sterkel—Beethoven's Aversion to give Lessons—Youthful Friendships—He is sent to Vienna to improve himself under Haydn—Acquaintances made by him there—Dr. van Swieten—Prince and Princess Lichnowsky—Envy excited by his success—His Indifference to Calumny, and to the Accidents of Birth or Wealth—M. Schenk, the corrector of his Compositions—His early Attachments—His Compositions during this Period—Prices paid for them—The Rasumowsky Quartett—Professional Tour—State of Musical Science at Vienna.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn. His father, Johann van Beethoven, was tenor singer in the electoral chapel, and died in

1792. His mother, Maria Magdalena, whose maiden name was Keverich, was a native of Coblentz; she died in 1787. His grandfather, Ludwig van Beethoven, who is conjectured on very good grounds to have been a native of Maestricht, was music-director and bass singer, and performed operas of his own composition, at Bonn, in the time of the elector Clemens August, whose fondness for magnificence is well known. Of this grandfather, who died in 1773, Beethoven retained a lively recollection even in his later years; and he frequently spoke with filial affection and fervent gratitude of his mother, "who had so much patience with his obstinacy."

The report that Beethoven was a natural son of Frederick William II., King of Prussia, first broached by Fayolle and Choron, which was reported in seven editions of the "Conversations-Lexicon," published by Brockhaus, and caused great

vexation to Beethoven, was conclusively confuted by Dr. Wegeler, after Beethoven had requested him, in a letter written by me from his dictation, and dated the 7th of October, 1826,* "to make known to the world the unblemished character of his parents, and especially of his mother." †

Beethoven's education was neither particularly neglected nor particularly good. He received elementary instruction and

* Dr. Wegeler published in consequence a copy of Beethoven's baptismal register, which is as follows:—

"Extract, Church Register, St. Remigii, at Bonn.

"Anno millesimo septingentesimo septuagesimo, die decima septima Decembris, baptizatus est *Ludovicus*, Domini Johannis van Beethoven et Helenae Keverichs, conjugum, filius legitimus: Patrini: Dominus Ludovicus van Beethoven, et Gertrudis Müllers, dicta Baums.

"Witness to the truth of the above extract,

"THE BURGOMASTER.

(Signed) "WINDECK.

"*Bonn, 28th June*, 1827."

† When M. Brockhaus announced the eighth edition of the "Conversations-Lexicon," I wrote to him, on the 17th of February, 1833, calling his attention to that fable, and requesting him to omit the passage relative to Beethoven's parentage in the new edition, which he complied with.

learned something of Latin at a public school—music he learnt at home, and was closely kept to it by his father, whose way of life, however, was not the most regular. The lively and often stubborn boy had a great dislike to sitting still, so that it was continually necessary to drive him in good earnest to the piano-forte. He had still less inclination for learning the violin, and on this point I cannot help adverting to a tale, so ingeniously invented and so frequently repeated, relative to a spider, which, "whenever little Ludwig was playing in his closet on the violin, would let itself down from the ceiling and alight upon the instrument, and which his mother, on discovering her son's companion, one day destroyed, whereupon little Ludwig dashed his violin to shatters." This is nothing more than a tale. *Great* Ludwig, highly as this fiction amused him, never would admit that he had the least recollection of

such a circumstance. On the contrary, he declared that it was much more likely that everything, even to the very flies and spiders, should have fled out of the hearing of his horrid scraping.

He made his first acquaintance with German literature, and especially the poets, in the house of M. von Breuning, in Bonn, whose family contributed greatly in every respect to the cultivation of his mind, and to whom Beethoven, till the last moment of his life, acknowledged his obligations with the warmest gratitude.

Beethoven received his first lessons from his father, but he had afterwards a far better instructor in a M. Pfeiffer, a man of talent, well known as music-director and oboist. Beethoven owed more to this composer than to any other, and he was grateful for his services, for he remitted money from Vienna to him, when in need of assistance, through M. Simrock, of Bonn.

That van der Eder, organist to the court, really taught our Beethoven the management of the organ, as Dr. Wegeler merely conjectured, is a fact, as Beethoven himself related with many concomitant anecdotes. By the instructions of Neefe, the court-organist, Beethoven declared that he had profited little or nothing.

In the year 1785, Beethoven was appointed, by the Elector Max Franz, brother of the Emperor Joseph II., organist to the electoral chapel, a post obtained for him by Count von Waldstein, a patron of the arts, not only a connoisseur in music, but himself a practical musician, a knight of the Teutonic order, and favourite of the Elector.* To this nobleman Beethoven was indebted for the first appreciation of his talents, and his subsequent mission to Vienna. A circumstance which affords evidence of his

* The same Count von Waldstein to whom Beethoven dedicated his grand Sonata, Op. 53.

extraordinary talent may be introduced here, since at a later period it appeared to Beethoven himself to be worth recording, and he often mentioned it with pleasure as a clever juvenile trick.

On the last three days of the Passion week, the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah were always chanted: these consisted of passages of from four to six lines, and they were sung in no particular time. In the middle of each sentence, agreeably to the choral style peculiar to the old church-music in general, a rest was made upon one note, which rest the player on the piano—for the organ was not used on those three days—had to fill up with a voluntary flourish, as is likewise usual in the accompaniment of other choral performances.

Beethoven told Heller, a singer at the chapel, who was boasting of his professional cleverness, that he would engage that very day to put him out at such a

place, without his being aware of it, yet so effectually that he should not be able to proceed. Heller, who considered this as an absolute impossibility, laid a wager accordingly with Beethoven. The latter, when he came to a passage that suited his purpose, led the singer, by an adroit modulation, out of the prevailing mode into one having no affinity to it, still, however, adhering to the tonic of the former key; so that the singer, unable to find his way in this strange region, was brought to a dead stand. Exasperated by the laughter of those around him, Heller complained of Beethoven to the Elector, who, to use Beethoven's expression, "gave him a most gracious reprimand, and bade him not play any more such clever tricks."

When Haydn first returned from England, the electoral band gave him a breakfast at Godesberg, near Bonn. On this occasion Beethoven laid before him a Can-

tata, which gained him the commendation of the celebrated master, who exhorted the youthful composer to persevere in his professional studies. On account of several difficult passages for the wind instruments, which the performers declared themselves unable to play, this Cantata was laid aside and not published. Such is the statement of Dr. Wegeler. Though I have not the least doubt of Dr. Wegeler's accuracy, I never heard Beethoven himself say a word concerning any such first production; but well I recollect having been told by him that his best essay at composition at that period was a Trio for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello. This Trio was not published till after his death, about ten or eleven years ago, by Dunst, of Frankfort: its second movement, the Scherzo, may be regarded as the embryo of all Beethoven's Scherzos. The third movement of that Trio belongs in idea and form to Mozart—a proof how early

Beethoven began to make him his idol. He seemed in fact to have totally forgotten the Cantata in question.

Beethoven's first compositions were the Sonatas copied into the *Blumenlese* of Speyer; in the next place the song, "*Wenn Jemand eine Reise thut*" (When a man on travel goes), and further, the music to a ballet performed during the carnival by the high nobility, the piano-forte part of which is said to be in the possession of M. Dunst, of Frankfort. This music, which was reputed to be the work of Count von Waldstein, was not at first published. Then came the Variations on *Vieni amore*, theme by Righini, which afforded the youthful author occasion to display his extraordinary talent. This was at his interview at Aschaffenburg with Sterkel, a celebrated performer of that day, and indeed the most accomplished piano-forte player whom Beethoven had ever yet heard. The doubt

expressed by this highly-finished and elegant performer, whether the composer of these Variations could play them fluently himself, spurred on Beethoven not only to play by heart such as were printed, but to follow them up with a number of others extemporised on the spot; and at the same time he imitated the light and pleasing touch of Sterkel, whom he had never heard till then, whereas his own usual way of playing the piano was hard and heavy, owing, as Beethoven declared, not to his want of feeling, but to his practising a great deal upon the organ, of which instrument he was very fond.

Beethoven had, from his youth, as Dr. Wegeler relates—and as he himself often showed by the fact—a decided aversion to give lessons; and, in his later years, as well as formerly at Bonn, he always went to this occupation "like an ill-tempered

donkey."* We shall see in the third period of his biography how he conducted himself when giving instruction to his most illustrious pupil, the Archduke Rudolph,† who entertained the deepest respect for his master, and with whom Beethoven had no need to lay himself under more restraint than if he had been in the house of a friend.‡

With this brief account, the period which Beethoven passed in his birthplace, Bonn, might aptly close. He himself considered that time as the happiest portion of his life, though it was frequently embittered by disagreeable circumstances, originating chiefly in his father's irregular course

* Or, as Wegeler gives it, like the "iniquæ mentis asellus" of Horace.—ED.

† See my note, p. 228.—ED.

‡ M. Ries was treated in the same manner, as he told me, while under Beethoven's tuition. "I played," said Ries to me, "while Beethoven composed or did something else; and it was very rarely that he seated himself by me and so remained for half an hour." Ries tells a different story in his publication.

of life. The members of the Breuning family were his guardian angels; for the numerous friendships which his superior talents gained him began already to be detrimental to his higher cultivation. This is too often the case with youthful genius, which disdains moderate praise and accepts flattery as a tribute justly due to it; and of course such a person seeks in preference the society of those from whom he hopes to obtain that gratification.

Under such circumstances, most fortunate was it for Beethoven that he received permission from the Elector, Max Franz, to reside for a few years at Vienna, for the purpose of improving himself under the tuition of Haydn. In the year 1792, Beethoven went to Vienna, the central point of everything great and sublime that Music had till then achieved on the soil of Germany. Mozart, the source of all light in the region of harmony, whose personal

acquaintance Beethoven had made on his first visit to Vienna in the winter of 1786-7, who, when he heard Beethoven extemporise upon a theme that was given him, exclaimed to those present, "This youth will some day make a noise in the world"—Mozart, though he had been a year in his grave, yet lived freshly in the memory of all who had a heart susceptible of his divine revelations, as well as in Beethoven's —Gluck's spirit still hovered around the inhabitants of old Vindobona — Father Haydn, and many other distinguished men in every art, and in every branch of human knowledge, yet lived and worked together harmoniously—in short, no sooner had Beethoven, then but twenty-two, looked around him in this favoured abode of the Muses, and made a few acquaintances, than he said to himself—"Here will I stay, and not return to Bonn, even though the Elector should cut off my pension."

One of his first, and for a long time most influential acquaintances, was the celebrated van Swieten, formerly physician in ordinary to the Empress Maria Theresa, a man who could appreciate art and artists according to their real worth. Van Swieten was, as it were, the cicerone of the new comer, and attached young Beethoven to his person and to his house, where indeed the latter soon found himself at home. The musical treats in van Swieten's house consisted chiefly of compositions by Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the greatest masters of Italy, up to Palestrina, performed with a full band; and they were so truly exquisite as to be long remembered by all who had been so fortunate as to partake of them. For Beethoven those meetings had this peculiar interest, that he not only gained an intimate acquaintance with those classics, but also that he was obliged to stay longest, because the old gentleman had an insatiable appetite

for music, so that the night was often pretty far advanced before he would suffer him to depart; nay, frequently he would not suffer him to go at all; for, to all that he had heard before, Beethoven was obliged to add half a dozen fugues by Bach, "by way of a blessing." Among the notes addressed by that eminent physician to Beethoven, and carefully preserved by the latter, one runs thus:—"If you are not prevented next Wednesday, I should be glad to see you here at half-past eight in the evening, with your night-cap in your pocket."

Nearly at the same time with van Swieten, our Beethoven made the acquaintance of the princely family of Lichnowsky, and this point in his life is of such importance, and led to such manifold consequences, that it behoves me to dwell upon it at some length.

The members of this remarkable family belonged altogether to those rarer natures

which are susceptible to everything that is great and sublime, and therefore patronised and honoured art and science, as well as all that is chivalrous, to which the greater part of the nobility devote their exclusive attention. Prince Karl von Lichnowsky, Mozart's pupil, was a genuine nobleman, and, what is still more, a Mecænas in the strictest sense of the term; and at that time, when the Austrian nobility were universally noble-minded, there could have been found few to match him in that extensive empire. Of like disposition was his consort, the Princess Christiane, by birth Countess of Thun. In this resort of accomplished minds and polished manners, Beethoven found an asylum in which he continued for several years. Prince Lichnowsky became a paternal friend, the princess, a second mother, to the young musician. The prince assigned to him a yearly allowance of six hundred florins, which he was

to receive till he should obtain some permanent appointment; and at that time this was no insignificant sum. The kindness of both these princely personages pursued him, as it were, and did not abate even when the adopted son, who was frequently obstinate, would have certainly lost that of any other patrons, and when he had deserved the severest reprehension. It was the princess in particular who found all that the often ill-tempered and sullen young man chose to do or to let alone, right, clever, original, amiable—and who, accordingly, contrived to make excuses for all his peccadilloes to the more rigid prince. At a later period Beethoven, in describing this mode of treatment, employed the following characteristic expression:—"They would have brought me up there," said he, "with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often the princess was on the point of having a glass shade

made to put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."*

Such extreme indulgence could not fail to produce its effects upon a temperament like Beethoven's, and it could not but operate detrimentally to the steady and undisturbed cultivation of his talent, which excited the attention and admiration of thousands. Whence was the necessary firmness to come in the conflicts with external life? Of course, then, the impetuous son of the Muse was every moment running his head against the wall, and was doomed to feel, as he would not hear. Van Swieten's counsels and admonitions, too, were frequently disregarded; and old "Papa" was content if the intractable Beethoven would but come to his evening parties.

* How happens it that Beethoven, sensible of the impropriety of this system of education, should not have avoided it in bringing up his nephew? We shall have occasion to recur to this subject in the proper place

If we find, in consequence, that Beethoven's manners were sometimes deficient in polish, the reason lies—in the first place, in his energetic nature, which broke through all barriers, and, spurning the etiquette of high life, would not submit to any shackles. Another not less powerful cause is to be sought in the indulgence and even in the admiration which his eccentricities met with from high and low; for there was a time when the name "Beethoven" had become a general password to which everything gave way.

That, in opposition to his admirers, there should be some who, eclipsed by the extraordinary success of the youthful master, felt themselves thrust into the background and mortified, was no more than might have been expected. Envy and jealousy brandished their weapons against the unaffected young artist pushing on in his career, whose internal as

well as external originality afforded more than one assailable point. It was more especially the external, of such a nature as had never been observed in any artist, that envy and jealousy would not by any means acknowledge to be the natural consequence of his internal organization. In direct opposition to every exaggerated formality, and avoiding the broad, beaten track of mediocrity and every-day talent, while pursuing his own course, Beethoven could not but be misconceived by many whose view was not capable of embracing his horizon. He was also misjudged, as so many a true master-mind has been, in its intercourse with the various classes, because its peculiar notions of things, originating in the nature of Art, never tally with those of the multitude, which cannot assimilate with those of the artist. This peculiar mode of viewing things shows itself, some-

times more, at other times less, in every one of his works.

At this early period, a trait of character, that distinguished him throughout his whole life, manifested itself in young Beethoven. It was this—that he never defended himself against criticisms or attacks so long as they were not directed against his honour, but against his professional abilities, and never suffered them to have more than a superficial effect upon him. Not indifferent to the opinions of the good, he took no notice of the attacks of the malicious, and allowed them to go on unchecked even when they proceeded so far as to assign him a place, sometimes in one mad-house, sometimes in another. "If it amuses people to say or to write such stuff concerning me, let them continue so to do as long as they please:" this was his maxim, to which he adhered

through all the vicissitudes of his professional life.

With this trait of character was associated already in early youth another, not less important for his professional career than the former, namely, that rank and wealth were to him matters of absolute indifference—accidents for which he had no particular respect; hence, in a man he would recognise and honour nothing but the man. To bow to Mammon and its possessors was nothing less, in his opinion, than downright blasphemy—the deepest degradation of the man endowed with genius; and, before he could pay the wealthy the ordinary respect, it was requisite that they should at least be known to him as humane and benevolent. On this point more particularly Beethoven was orthodox, and no temptation whatever could have produced a change of sentiment on that head any more than in his

political creed. It was, therefore, perfectly natural that the prince should occupy no higher place in his estimation than the private citizen; and he held that mind alone, that divine emanation in man, rises, according to its powers, above all that is material and accidental; that it is an immediate gift of the Creator, destined to serve as a light to others. Hence it follows that Beethoven recognised the position allotted to him from above, and its importance in the universe, and that too in all humility, as may be clearly seen in the letters addressed to a lady of whom he was passionately enamoured, which will be given hereafter.

In the first number of the Leipzig *Musikalische Zeitung* of 1835, I took occasion, from an expression attributed to Beethoven in a Vienna journal* respect-

* "In order to become a good composer, a person should have studied the theory of harmony and the art of counterpoint from the age of seven to eleven, that when

ing the age at which a person ought to learn the theory of harmony and counterpoint, to say, that Beethoven, on his arrival at Vienna, knew nothing of counterpoint and very little of the theory of harmony. His imagination warm and active, his ear sensitive, and Pegasus ever ready, he composed away, without concerning himself about the indispensable scholastic rules. Such was the state of things, when he began to receive instructions from Haydn, and Haydn is said to have been always satisfied with his new scholar, because he permitted him to do as he liked; till the tables were turned, and the scholar became dissatisfied with the master, owing to the following circumstance:—

the imagination and feeling awake, he may have accustomed himself to invent according to rule." How absurd and untrue this assertion is, in every respect, I there showed in the proper place; and likewise that Beethoven thought precisely the reverse, especially on instruction in counterpoint, and that he expressed himself clearly and explicitly on that subject.

Among the professional men whom Beethoven knew and respected, was M. Schenk, composer of the music to the *Dorfbarbier*, a man of mild, amiable disposition, and profoundly versed in musical science. M. Schenk one day met Beethoven, when he was coming with his roll of music under his arm from Haydn. Schenk threw his eye over it, and perceived here and there various inaccuracies. He pointed them out to Beethoven, who assured him that Haydn had just corrected that piece. Schenk turned over the leaves, and found the grossest blunders left untouched in the preceding pieces. Beethoven now conceived a suspicion of Haydn, and would have given up taking instructions from him, but was dissuaded from that resolution, till Haydn's second visit to England afforded a fitting occasion for carrying it into effect. From this moment a coolness took place between

Haydn and Beethoven. Ries heard Beethoven say that he had indeed taken lessons of Haydn, but never learned anything of him. (See his *Notizen*, p. 86.)* The conduct of Haydn in this case was variously construed, as he was known to be in other respects a conscientious man: but no certain motive can be alleged for it. M. Schenk continued to be from that time the confidential corrector of Beethoven's compositions, even after Albrechtsberger had undertaken to give him instructions in counterpoint. Here I must record a remarkable fact which serves to characterise both these old friends.

Owing to Beethoven's unsettled life, it was too frequently the case that for years he knew nothing about intimate friends and acquaintance, though they, like himself, resided within the walls of the great capital;

* See Supplement No. IV., Vol. II.

and if they did not occasionally give him a call, to him they were as good as dead. Thus it happened, that one day—it was in the beginning of the spring of 1824—I was walking with him over the Graben, when we met M. Schenk, then far advanced between sixty and seventy. Beethoven, transported with joy to see his old friend still among the living, seized his hand, hastened with him into a neighbouring tavern called the Bugle Horn, and conducted us into a back room, where, as in a catacomb, it was necessary to burn a light even at noon-day. There we shut ourselves in, and Beethoven began to open all the recesses of his heart to his respected corrector. More talkative than he often was, a multitude of stories and anecdotes of long by-gone times presented themselves to his recollection, and among the rest the affair with Haydn; and Beethoven, who had now raised himself to the

sovereignty in the realm of music, loaded the modest composer of the *Dorfbarbier,* who was living in narrow circumstances, with professions of his warmest thanks for the kindness which he had formerly shown him. Their parting, after that memorable hour, as if for life, was deeply affecting; and, in fact, from that day, they never beheld one another again.

As, in that classic period of musical activity, Beethoven was the sun which all strove to approach, and rejoiced if they could but catch a glance of his brilliant eye; it was natural that he should converse much with ladies, several of whom were always contending for his affections at once, as it is well known, and he more than once found himself, like Hercules, in a dilemma. Dr. Wegeler says in his publication (page 42) that "Beethoven was never without an attachment, and that mostly he was very deeply smitten." This is quite true.

How could any rational person who is acquainted with Beethoven solely from his works, maintain the contrary?* Whoever is capable of feeling how powerfully the pure flame of love operates upon the imagination, more especially of the sensitive and highly-endowed artist, and how in all his productions it goes before him like a light sent down from Heaven to guide him, will take it for granted, without any evidence, that Beethoven was susceptible of the purest love, and that he was conducted by it. What genius could have composed the Fantasia in c without such a passion!† And here be it observed, merely by the way, it was love for the Giulietta to

* And yet M. Ignatz von Seyfried, in the biographical particulars of Beethoven appended to the work published by him and M. Haslinger, with the title of "Beethoven Studien," does maintain the contrary, which Dr. Wegeler has shown to be wholly unfounded.

† This Sonata, quasi Fantasia, Op. 27, is known in Austria by the inappropriate appellation of "Moonshine Sonata," which is meant to designate nothing more than that enthusiastic period of Beethoven's passion.

whom that imaginative composition is dedicated, which inspired him while engaged upon it. Beethoven seems to have retained his affection for that lady as long as he lived. Of this I think I can produce striking evidence, but it belongs to the second period.

Wegeler's remark (p. 44). is perfectly true, that the objects of Beethoven's attachment were always of the higher rank. No prejudice on the part of Beethoven had anything to do with this, which arose solely from the circumstance of his having at that time most intercourse with persons in high life,—an intercourse promoted moreover by his connexion with the princely house of Lichnowsky. Beethoven frequently declared that at this time he was best appreciated and best comprehended as an artist by noble and other high personages. High, however, as the converse with such personages was calculated to raise him intel-

lectually, still, in regard to love, and a permanent happiness arising out of it, that circumstance was not advantageous to him. I shall take occasion to treat by and by more explicitly of this interesting topic, and shall merely observe here that, though exposed to such manifold seductions, Beethoven had, like the demi-god of old, the firmness to preserve his virtue unscathed; that his refined sense of right and wrong could not endure anything impure, and in a moral respect equivocal, about it; and that, considered on this score, he passed through life, conscious of no fault, with truly virgin modesty and unblemished character. The higher Muse, who had selected him for such important service, gave his views an upward direction, and preserved him, even in professional matters, from the slightest collision with the vulgar, which, in life as in art, was his abomination. Would that she had done as much

for him in regard to the civil relations of life, as they are called, to which every inhabitant of earth is subject! How infinitely higher would Beethoven's genius have soared, if, in the ordinary intercourse of life, he had not been brought into conflict with so many base and contemptible minds!

Among the compositions of such various kinds that belong to this period were, besides the three Sonatas dedicated to Haydn, the first three Trios, several Quartetts for stringed instruments, two Concertos for the piano-forte, the Septett, the First and Second Symphony, more than twenty Sonatas, and the music to Vigano's balle "Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus" (The Creations of Prometheus), which was performed in 1799, at the Imperial Opera-house; but the most important of these were not printed till a later period. It may not be amiss here to remark that

the numbers affixed to Beethoven's works do not indicate the order in which they were composed by the master, but that in which they were published. Many works he kept back, frequently for several years, for the purpose of severe correction, while later compositions were sent into the world without delay.* This mode of proceeding, it is true, produced a confusion in the continuous numbering of his works, which he himself knew not how to remedy. At first, he purposed to number the works in the order in which they were composed, though some that were earlier written might not be published till after later ones were already printed. From the chasms which it was on this account found necessary to leave open, arose disorder;

* For the correction of each of his larger works Beethoven took, upon an average, one-third of the time that had been occupied in its composition. This observation I had occasion to make from many of his works. His corrected scores show how he proceeded in general in the labour of revising and improving.

and hence we meet with many a number twice and even thrice over in the catalogues, and others not at all. Thus, for example, in the catalogue annexed to the "*Beethoven Studien*," Op. 29 is prefixed first to three Sonatas, then to the Preludes, and once more to the Quintett in C. In M. Artaria's catalogue, No. 29 is even attached to four, No. 3 to six, and No. 75 to three works. The latter catalogue specifies in the whole one hundred and fifty-two different works of Beethoven's, with numbers and opus-figures, while catalogues containing merely opus-numbers exhibit only one hundred and thirty-eight.

That Beethoven had already at this time many more commissions for works than he could execute, we learn from his letter of the 29th of June, 1800, to Dr. Wegeler,* where he likewise mentions that he is paid

* See Supplement No. I., Vol. I.

what he charges for them; and it is interesting to remark how small are the sums then paid for the copyright of his works by publishers in comparison with those which he received twenty years later, as we shall see in the third period. In his letter of the 15th of January, 1801, to the music publisher, Hofmeister, in Leipzig,* there is a statement of the prices charged for some works, which may serve as a kind of standard for others. He asks, for instance, for the Septett twenty ducats (ten louis-d'ors), for the First Symphony twenty ducats, for the First Concerto ten ducats, and for the grand B major Sonata (Op. 22) twenty ducats.

During a period of at least ten or twelve years it was at Prince Lichnowsky's musi-

* Printed in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, No. 19, of the year 1837. For the series of Beethoven's letters to the music-publishers of Leipzig, see Supplement No. I., Vol. I.

cal parties that almost all Beethoven's works were first tried, and the refined taste of the prince, as well as his solid musical acquirements, commanded such respect from Beethoven, that he readily followed his advice in regard to the alteration or improvement of this or that in his compositions—a point on which he was extremely self-willed. Thus, too, at a later period, he would rather hear censures than praise from those to whom he gave credit for comprehending him; and but very few performers could boast of being so fortunate as to be allowed to teach him the peculiarities and the treatment of their respective instruments. M. Kraft, the elder, and subsequently M. Linke, taught him the mechanism of the violoncello, M. Punto that of the horn, and M. Friedlowsky the elder that of the clarinet: and it was these artists whom Beethoven chiefly consulted respecting his compositions, and to whose argu-

ments he listened, even when it went ever so much against the grain to alter this or that passage.*

The Quartett which so early as that time had attained high distinction, consisting of Schuppanzigh, first violin, Sina second violin, Weiss, Bratsche (viola) Kraft, the elder, alternating with Linke, violoncello; which at a later period acquired universal and well-deserved celebrity by the appellation of "the Rasumowsky Quartett"—this Quartett enraptured the musical circle of Prince Lichnowsky, and into the souls of these four superior artists did Beethoven in time breathe his own sublime spirit. Him only who can boast of such good fortune I call the scholar, the disciple, of a great master, who can and must further diffuse his precepts in all their purity. How to place

* Beethoven was not accustomed to ask singers if they could execute what he had written. The consequence was that these made arbitrary alterations without consulting him.

the fingers on the instrument, how to perform difficult passages upon it, can be taught by thousands without possessing a single spark of genius. Not the skilful management of technicalities, the spirit alone is the truth of every art. And this spirit, which in Beethoven himself attained its full vigour only with the lapse of time, gradually grew up in this association composing that Quartett till it arrived at its full development, and thus it continued till Beethoven's death, though Messrs. Sina and Weiss had left Vienna, and their places had been supplied by two worthy successors, Messrs. Holz and Kaufmann.* The reunion of these four artists, over the musical purity of whose manners Beethoven never ceased to watch with anxiety, was justly regarded as the only genuine

* Of the first members of that Quartett, which belongs to the history of the art, M. Sina is the only one now living, and in Paris. M. Franz Weiss died shortly before Beethoven, M. Schuppanzigh soon after him, and M. Linke a few years since.

school for acquiring a knowledge of Beethoven's quartett-music, that new world full of sublime conceptions and revelations. A letter addressed by the great master to this Quartett—when, in 1825, one of his last difficult Quartetts was to be performed for the first time before a select audience, I must not here omit, on account of its humorous tenor, particularly as it proves at the same time Beethoven's anxiety in their behalf which has been alluded to above. It is verbatim as follows:—

"My dear Friends,

"Herewith each of you will receive what belongs to him, and is hereby engaged, upon condition that each binds himself upon his honour to do his best to distinguish himself and to surpass the rest.

"This paper must be signed by each of those who have to co-operate in the affair in question.

"BEETHOVEN."

(Here follow the four signatures.)

If I further mention that, towards the end of this first period of his life, Beethoven made a professional tour, of but short duration, it is true, to Leipzig and Berlin; that he excited a great sensation in both these cities; and that his merits were duly appreciated, I think I may fairly conclude the first part of the life of that gigantic genius, who had thus far already marked out for himself the course which he meant to pursue, and from which he was not to be diverted, even by the storms that soon afterwards burst over the musical world. I shall therefore pause only to cast a rapid glance at the state of the art, and at the prevailing taste of that period.

In all Germany, and particularly in Vienna, music was much cultivated, and that chiefly good music (because then there was not so much bad produced as succeeding years have brought forth); for the lower classes, among whom there

had previously been many attentive auditors, began to pay more and more attention to the divine art, but at the same time rarely possessed high mental cultivation, or had a just conception of the nature of music and its sublimest object, and upon the whole was still full of prejudices against every art;—when the number of composers was not yet swollen to legion, and was confined to those who were really qualified by Nature, though not always endowed with the lofty powers of genius. But all these persons meant honestly by art, which, now-a-days, is too rarely the case; and, to mean honestly by a matter to which one dedicates one's abilities, tends greatly to promote its success. The magicians of those days, Herder, Wieland, Lessing, Göthe, and many more; together with Gluck, Sebastian Bach and his sons, Mozart, Haydn, Salieri, and the aspiring Beethoven, had exercised such a beneficial

influence on the nobler, the intellectual cultivation, especially of the superior classes, that art and science were reckoned by very many among the highest, the chief requisites of intellectual existence. In the German Opera, which, through Gluck and Mozart, had attained its acme, and arrived at the same degree of perfection and estimation as the Italian, truth of expression, dignity, and sublimity in every point, were far more highly prized than the mere fluency of throat, hollow pathos, and excitements of sense, studied in that of the present day. These two institutions operated powerfully on all who were susceptible of what is truly beautiful and noble. Haydn's "Creation," and Handel's Oratorios, attracted unprecedented auditories, and afforded the highest gratification, with bands of one hundred and fifty, or at most two hundred performers; whereas, in our over-refined times,

from six to eight hundred, nay, even upwards of a thousand, are required by people in order to enjoy the din which this legion produces, while little or no attention is paid to the main point.* In short, at that time people thankfully accepted great things offered with small means, sought mind and soul in music as the highest gratification, and had no conception of that materialism which now-a-days presides over musical matters, any more than they had of the tendency of the gradual improvements in the mechanism of musical instruments and their abuse to lower taste. The dillettantism of that period remained modestly in its place, and did not offer itself for hire, as at the present day, in every province and in every country, paid sincere

* The consequences of this excess must inevitably follow, and the gigantic enterprises of this kind that are so frequently seen and heard of, resting on insecure foundations, will, by degrees, fall of themselves, after doing much more injury than benefit to the art.

respect to art and artists, and arrogated to itself no position which the accomplished professional man alone should have occupied—a mal-practice now so common in many places. In a word, people really loved music without ostentation; they allowed it to operate upon them with its magic charms, no matter whether it was executed by four performers or by four hundred, and employed it in general as the surest medium for improving heart and mind, and thus giving a noble direction to the feelings. The German nation could still derive the inspiration of simple greatness, genuine sensibility, and humane feelings from its music; it still thoroughly understood the art of drawing down from the magic sphere of harmony the inexpressible and the spiritually sublime, and securing them for itself.

In and with those times, and among their noblest and best, lived Beethoven, in

cheerful Vienna, where his genius found thousand-fold encouragement to exert its power, free and unfettered, and exposed to no other misrepresentations and enmity than those of envy alone.

This was a splendid era of art, such an era as may perhaps never recur; and, with special reference to Beethoven, the golden age. Under such circumstances, surrounded and beloved by persons of such delicate sentiments, he ought to have been completely happy; and he certainly would have been so but for a hardness of hearing, which, even then,—that is to say, in the latter years of this first period of his life,—began to afflict him, and was sometimes of long continuance. This complaint, which affected his temper, was subsequently aggravated into a dreadful disease, which rendered him inexpressibly miserable.

SECOND PERIOD,

FROM 1800 TO OCTOBER, 1813.

General View of the Second Period of Beethoven's Life—Composition of his "Christ on the Mount of Olives" and "Fidelio"—His brothers, Carl and Johann; their mischievous influence—His severe Illness—Remarkable Will addressed to them—His "Sinfonia Eroica," in honour of Napoleon—Count Moritz von Lichnowsky—Opera of "Fidelio"—Beethoven's Neglect of Vocal Performers—Their Intrigues and Cabals—His Passion for Julia—Letters to her—Disappointed Love—Countess Marie Erdödy—Beethoven as Director of the Orchestra—Animadversions on Statements of Ferdinand Ries—Beethoven forms a friendship with Count Franz von Brunswick and Baron Gleichenstein—Prices paid for his Compositions during the Second Period—Misconduct of his Brothers—Defence of his Character against the charge of Cowardice—Annuity settled upon him, to keep him in Austria—His dislike of, and reconciliation with, Hummel—Foreign Visitors—Bettina Brentano—Göthe—Beethoven's frequent change of Residence—His Domestic Circumstances.

THIS second period is, from beginning to end, a complete labyrinth, in which the

great composer was lost, and where the biographer, too, might lose his way along with him, if he were not to hold all the threads of this drama firmly and tightly in his hands, and if he were not intimately acquainted with the characters of all the actors in it. The "evil principle," in the shape of his two brothers, Carl and Johann, incessantly besets him, and pursues him wherever he goes. Fate deprives him of hearing, and thus bars the access to word or tone. A host of friends and admirers of all classes throng around him for the purpose of delivering him from both these evils; they pour their counsels into the ear of poor Beethoven, who listens only to those of the last friend, which, however, the "evil principle" is always at hand to counteract. The entanglements multiply: envy, intrigue, and all sorts of passions, strive to perform their parts to the best of their power, and close every avenue and

outlet. With regret, the biographer is obliged here to inform the reader beforehand, that this drama unfortunately is not concluded in this second period: at the same time he admits with pleasure that, in the thousand conflicts and collisions, the sacred Muse conducted her high-priest with protecting hand, since she caused him to meet with several excellent friends, who found means to secure his confidence for a length of time, and assisted to bring him as unharmed as could be expected out of this labyrinth of human frailties and passions to the third period of his life.*

The scene before us shows but too plainly how difficult a task is here imposed upon the biographer, to unravel this tangled web, and, with its threads, to continue to weave the history with a due

* Count Franz of Brunswick, Baron J. Gleichenstein, Baron Pasqualati, M. de Zmeskall, M. and Madame Streicher, and Moritz Count von Lichnowsky.

regard to truth and justice. He shall therefore be obliged to treat very summarily of the greater part of those unhappy circumstances, together with their causes; and to throw them overboard, wherever it can be done, as superfluous ballast, entreating the reader to have recourse to his own imagination for filling up the details of many a scene.

In the year 1800 we find Beethoven engaged in the composition of his "Christ on the Mount of Olives," the first performance of which took place on the 5th of April, 1803. He wrote this work during his summer-residence at Hetzendorf, a pleasant village, closely contiguous to the gardens of the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, where he passed several summers of his life in profound seclusion. There he again resided in 1805, and wrote his "Fidelio." A circumstance connected with both these great works, and of

which Beethoven many years afterwards still retained a lively recollection, was, that he composed them in the thickest part of the wood in the park of Schönbrunn, seated between the two stems of an oak, which shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground. This remarkable tree, in that part of the park to the left of the Gloriett, I found with Beethoven in 1823, and the sight of it called forth interesting reminiscences of the former period. With respect to the above-mentioned Oratorio, I ought not to omit mentioning the circumstance, that Beethoven, in the last year of his life, found fault with himself for having treated the part of Christ too dramatically, and would have given a great deal to be able to correct that "fault." Towards the end of the autumn of 1800 his Second Symphony, and the Concerto in C minor, were performed for the first time.

It was during this period that his brother Carl (his real name was Caspar), who had some years previously followed him to Vienna, began to govern him, and to make Beethoven suspicious of his sincerest friends and adherents, from wrong notions, or, perhaps, even from jealousy. It was only the still undiminished authority of Prince Lichnowsky over Beethoven and his true interests, that intimidated the latter, and somewhat checked the perversity of his brother Carl, and thereby peace was still for a short time ensured to our Beethoven and those around him. At any rate, here already commences the history of Beethoven's sufferings, which terminated only with his death, and which originated not only in the conduct of his brother, but also in his own gradually increasing deafness, and the distrust which it engendered. This first brother was joined in time by a second, Johann, whose

sentiments soon became identified with those of Carl; so that the mass of the counterpoise to the scale containing what was truly necessary and salutary for Beethoven became too compact, and defied all who were acquainted with his noble disposition and his aspiring genius, and who had striven to elevate the latter by means of the former. And how did Beethoven behave amidst the innumerable contradictions and contrasts that already everywhere pursued him? Like a boy, who, having dropped from an ideal world upon the earth, utterly destitute of experience, is tossed like a ball from hand to hand, consequently is entirely under the influence of others; and such was Beethoven's case throughout his whole life.

Let this serve the reader for a key to many an enigma that will hereafter present itself to him in regard to Beethoven's conduct. We perceive from this explanation how complicated those circumstances

are already becoming, which must necessarily operate upon his mental and intellectual exertions, and ultimately on his whole physical existence. But, at the same time, we see how much depends on those about such a man, who continues in a sort of childhood, but whose mind attains a greatness that cannot harmonise with anything about him; whose will in everything becomes absolute law, even for the purpose of trying and condemning himself. Such was Beethoven throughout his whole life. Hence his never-ceasing opposition to every existing political institution; for, in his ideal world, everything was different—everything better; and whoever coincided in these notions, to him he attached himself, and frequently with the warmest affection. Such impressions, however, were but transient, owing, in many cases, to a too ready accordance with his notions, when this appeared to be the result not of conviction, but of personal respect for him-

self. This he termed *flattery*, and to him it was at all times particularly offensive.

In the first months of 1802, Beethoven was attacked by a severe illness, in which he was attended by Dr. Schmidt, the celebrated physician, whom he numbered among his esteemed friends, and to whom, in token of gratitude, he dedicated the Septett arranged by himself as a Trio. On his recovery he removed to Heiligenstadt, a village about seven miles distant from Vienna, where he passed the whole of the summer. There he wrote that remarkable will, which I sent after his death to the editor of the *Wiener Theater Zeitung*, and to M. Rochlitz, at Leipzig, for the *Musikalische Zeitung* of that city. That document, which must not be omitted here, is to this effect:*—

* This document, in Beethoven's own handwriting, has lately been left in charge of Messrs. Cramer and Co., to be disposed of for the benefit of a female relative of Beethoven's, who hopes to derive some advantage from its sale.—Ed.

" *For my Brothers, Carl and ..... Beethoven.*

" O ye, who consider or declare me to be hostile, obstinate, or misanthropic, what injustice ye do me!—ye know not the secret causes of that which to you wears such an appearance. My heart and my mind were from childhood prone to the tender feelings of affection. Nay, I was always disposed even to perform great actions. But only consider that, for the last six years, I have been attacked by an incurable complaint, aggravated by the unskilful treatment of medical men, disappointed from year to year in the hope of relief, and at last obliged to submit to the endurance of an evil, the cure of which may last perhaps for years, if it is practicable at all. Born with a lively, ardent disposition, susceptible to the diversions of society, I was forced at an early age to renounce them, and to pass my life in seclusion. If I strove at any time to set myself above all this, O how cruelly was I

driven back by the doubly painful experience of my defective hearing! and yet it was not possible for me to say to people—'Speak louder—bawl—for I am deaf!' Ah! how could I proclaim the defect of a sense, that I once possessed in the highest perfection, in a perfection in which few of my colleagues possess or ever did possess it! Indeed, I cannot! Forgive me, then, if ye see me draw back when I would gladly mingle among you. Doubly mortifying is my misfortune to me, as it must tend to cause me to be misconceived. From recreation in the society of my fellow-creatures, from the pleasures of conversation, from the effusions of friendship, I am cut off. Almost alone in the world, I dare not venture into society more than absolute necessity requires. I am obliged to live as in exile. If I go into company, a painful anxiety comes over me, since I am apprehensive of being exposed to the

danger of betraying my situation. Such has been my state, too, during this half year that I have spent in the country. Enjoined by my intelligent physician to spare my hearing as much as possible, I have been almost encouraged by him in my present natural disposition; though, hurried away by my fondness for society, I sometimes suffered myself to be enticed into it. But what a humiliation, when any one standing beside me could hear at a distance a flute that I could not hear, or any one heard the shepherd singing and I could not distinguish a sound! Such circumstances brought me to the brink of despair, and had well nigh made me put an end to my life: nothing but my art held my hand. Ah! it seemed to me impossible to quit the world before I had produced all that I felt myself called to accomplish. And so I endured this wretched life—so truly wretched, that a

somewhat speedy change is capable of transporting me from the best into the worst condition. Patience—so I am told—I must choose for my guide. I have done so. Stedfast, I hope, will be my resolution to persevere, till it shall please the inexorable Fates to cut the thread. Perhaps there may be amendment—perhaps not; I am prepared for the worst—I, who so early as my twenty-eighth year, was forced to become a philosopher—it is not easy—for the artist, more difficult than for any other. O! God, thou lookest down upon my misery; thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-creatures and a disposition to do good! O, men! when ye shall read this, think that ye have wronged me: and let the child of affliction take comfort on finding one like himself, who, in spite of all the impediments of nature, yet did all that lay in his power to obtain admittance into the rank

of worthy artists and men. You, my brothers, Carl and ....., as soon as I am dead, if Professor Schmidt be yet living, request him, in my name, to write a description of my disease, and to that description annex this paper, that after my death the world may, at least, be as much as possible reconciled with me. At the same time, I declare both of you the heirs of the little property (if it can be so called) belonging to me. Divide it fairly; agree together, and help one another. What you have done to grieve me, that, you know, has long been forgiven. Thee, brother Carl, I thank in particular, for the affection thou hast shown me of late. My wish is that you may live more happily, more exempt from care, than I have done. Recommend virtue to your children; that alone—not wealth—can give happiness; I speak from experience. It was this that upheld me even in affliction; it is owing to this and

to my art that I did not terminate my life by suicide. Farewell, and love one another. I thank all friends, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I wish that Prince L.'s instruments may remain in the possession of one of you; but let no quarrel arise between you on account of them. In case, however, they can be more serviceable to you in another way, dispose of them. How glad I am to think that I may be of use to you even in my grave! So let it be done! I go to meet death with joy. If he comes before I have had occasion to develop all my professional abilities, he will come too soon for me, in spite of my hard fate, and I should wish that he had delayed his arrival. But even then I am content, for he will release me from a state of endless suffering. Come when thou wilt, I shall meet thee with firmness. Farewell, and do not quite forget me after I am dead; I have deserved

that you should think of me, for in my lifetime I have often thought of you to make you happy. May you ever be so!

" LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN,
m. p. (L.S.)

" *Heiligenstadt, October 6th,* 1802."

On the outside was the following:—

" For my brothers, Carl and ....., to read and to execute after my demise.

" *Heiligenstadt, October 10th,* 1802.

" Thus, then, I take my leave of thee, and that with sorrow. Yes, the fond hope that I brought hither with me of cure, at least to a certain point, will now entirely forsake me. As the leaves of autumn fall withered to the ground, so is that hope become withered for me. Nearly as I came hither do I go away; even that lofty courage, which frequently animated me in the fine days of summer, has abandoned

me. O, Providence! grant that a day of pure joy may once break for me! How long have I been a stranger to the delightful sound of real joy! When, O, God! when can I again feel it in the temple of Nature and of men?—never? Nay that would be too hard!"*

It was not till the autumn of 1802 that his state of mind had so far improved as to permit him to resume a plan which he had formed of doing homage to Napoleon, the hero of the day, in a grand instrumental work, and to set about its execution. But it was not till the following year that he applied himself in good earnest to that

* The whole tenor of this will, or rather memorandum addressed to his brothers, attests the state of deep melancholy into which Beethoven had fallen on account of his deafness—a state which, owing to the same cause, was of frequent recurrence. That throughout this paper Beethoven should not have mentioned the name of his second brother, Johann, and only marked it with dots, is singularly striking; since this brother, as we have just seen, had recently come to Vienna, and had scarcely begun to take any part in the occupations and other concerns of the great composer.

gigantic composition, known by the title of "*Sinfonia Eroica,*" which, however, in consequence of various interruptions, was not finished till 1804. In the mean time Beethoven wrote several Sonatas and Quartetts, which were bespoken by various noble personages and publishers. The original idea of that Symphony is said to have been suggested by General Bernadotte, who was then French ambassador at Vienna, and had a high esteem for our Beethoven. So I was informed by several of his friends. Count Moritz Lichnowsky, (brother of Prince Lichnowsky), who was frequently with Beethoven in Bernadotte's company, and who is my authority for many circumstances belonging to this second period, gave me the same account. He was always about Beethoven, and was not less attached to him than his brother.*

* The noble-minded Count Moritz Lichnowsky, whose devotedness to the interests of Beethoven the latter acknowledged by the dedication of two works,—the

The particulars relative to this subject, communicated to me by Beethoven himself, I shall reserve for the third period, where I shall have occasion to make mention of a letter addressed, in 1823, to the King of Sweden, formerly General Bernadotte.

In his political sentiments Beethoven was a republican; the spirit of independence natural to a genuine artist gave him a decided bias that way. Plato's "Republic" was transfused into his flesh and blood, and upon the principles of that philosopher he reviewed all the constitutions in the world. He wished all institutions to be modelled upon the plan prescribed by Plato. He lived in the firm belief that Napoleon entertained no other design than to republicanise France upon similar principles,

Variations Op. 35, and the Sonata Op. 90 (E minor), died in December, 1838, in Vienna. He was the last of that set so remarkable in the history of the art, which used to assemble at the house of his brother, the Prince.

and thus, as he conceived, a beginning would be made for the general happiness of the world. Hence his respect and enthusiasm for Napoleon.

A fair copy of the musical work for the first consul of the French republic, the conqueror of Marengo, with the dedication to him, was on the point of being despatched through the French embassy to Paris, when news arrived in Vienna that Napoleon Bonaparte had caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French. The first thing Beethoven did on receiving this intelligence was to tear off the title-leaf of this Symphony, and to fling the work itself, with a torrent of execrations against the new French Emperor, against the "new tyrant," upon the floor, from which he would not allow it to be lifted.* It was a

* Such is the account given by Count Moritz Lichnowsky, who, with Ferdinand Ries, witnessed the circumstance.

long time before Beethoven recovered from the shock, and permitted this work to be given to the world with the title of "Sinfonia Eroica," and underneath it this motto: "Per festegiáre il sovvenire d'un gran uomo." * I shall only add that it was not till the tragic end of the great Emperor at St. Helena, that Beethoven was reconciled with him, and sarcastically remarked, that, seventeen years before, he had composed appropriate music to this catastrophe, in which it was exactly predicted, musically, but unwittingly—alluding to the Dead March in that Symphony.

In the years 1804 and 1805, Beethoven was almost exclusively engaged in the composition of his Opera "Fidelio," in three acts, which was performed, for the first time, by the title of "Leonore," at the Theater an der Wien, in the autumn of

* Is not this meant to be—"Per festeggiare la memoria d'un grand' uomo?"—Ed.

1805.* The fortunes which befel this extraordinary work and its author, till it was rounded into the form in which we now enjoy it, were more singular than perhaps any production of this kind before or since ever experienced; and I fear that I shall be too prolix, even if I relate only the more important circumstances and their consequences to the author.

It was the Overture in the first place that put our master in a painful situation. It was finished, but the composer himself was not thoroughly satisfied with it, and therefore agreed that it should be first tried by a small orchestra, at Prince Lichnowsky's. There it was unanimously pronounced by a knot of connoisseurs to be too light, and not sufficiently expressive of the nature of the work; consequently it was laid aside and

* The originally French libretto was translated into German by Joseph Sonnleithner.

never made its appearance again in Beethoven's lifetime.* M. Tob. Haslinger, of Vienna, to whom this Overture was transferred, among other things, by his predecessor, published it a few years since, numbered, Op. 138.

The second Overture (in C major, like the first) with which the Opera was first performed upon the stage, is indisputably the cleverest of the four Overtures that Beethoven wrote to Fidelio, and the one which best characterises the subject. But it was too difficult in the part of the wind-instruments, which always executed their task to the great vexation of the composer; it was therefore obliged to give way to a third (that published by Breitkopf and Härtel), which has the same motivo in the introduction as also in the allegro-movement, with small variations; but upon the whole

* In the third period I shall have something more to say about it in the proper place.

is totally different from the second, which has not yet been published.

In the third Overture, which was substituted for the two former, too hard a task was imposed upon the stringed instruments, so that these also were found deficient in the requisite precision.

The fourth and last Overture (in E major) Beethoven wrote because the third was moreover deemed too long, and he would not agree to curtail it. It was not published till 1815, with the Opera, after the latter had been for many years replaced on the list of acting pieces; and this time, with partial alterations of the libretto, by Friedrich Treitschke.*

* Refer to Breuning's letter to Dr. and Mad. Wegeler. Supplement No. II., Vol. II.

The circumstance which occurred at the house of Prince Lichnowsky, on occasion of the alteration made in this Opera in 1807, which M. Röckel,† then engaged

† The following note from Wegeler's Notizen is, I think, not misplaced here:—

"Dear Röckel,—Try and do your best with *Milder*" [Ma-

In my account of the first period, where I had occasion to mention Beethoven's anxiety for the improvement of the Schuppanzigh Quartett, I remarked that he never asked the singers if they could sing what he wrote, or if it would be necessary for him to make alterations here and there, to render their parts easier of execution. Thus, too, in composing he gave full scope

as tenor singer at the Theater an der Wien (with whom I am myself well acquainted), afterwards related to M. Ries in London, and which the latter communicates in his "*Notizen über Beethoven*," (p. 105), is interesting and authentic. Not less worthy of notice is Breuning's letter of the 20th of June, 1806, to Dr. Wegeler (p. 62) on the fortunes of the opera of "Fidelio" at its first representation. Count Moritz Lichnowsky was one of the company, in which Beethoven opposed with might and main the omission of a single bar, and gave all present a great deal of trouble.

dame Milder, for whom the part of Fidelio was written—Ed.], "and pray tell her you ask her to-day in my name, that this early invitation may prevent her singing *anywhere else*. To-morrow I mean to come myself 'to kiss the hem of her garment.' Do not forget *Marconi*" [a celebrated Contra-Alto of the time.—Ed.], "and, above all, do not be angry with me for thus overburthening you.

"Ever yours,

"Beethoven."

to his genius, and paid too little attention to the precepts given him many years before by Salieri relative to the treatment of the vocal parts. Hence, at rehearsals, he came into unpleasant collisions with the singers; and it is well known that the kapell-meister Ignatz von Seyfried, who then had an engagement at the Theater an der Wien, was frequently obliged to act the part of mediator between Beethoven and the vocal performers, and that he gave him on this subject many a useful piece of advice, founded upon long experience.* If Beethoven had thus far encountered abundance of vexations, the measure of them was filled by the coldness with which the Opera was received at its first representation. The cause of this indifference was not the immoderate length

* It is said that, in the rehearsals of his "Christ on the Mount of Olives," quarrels took place from similar causes between Beethoven and the singers.

and breadth of the whole upon so slender a pedestal as the meagre libretto was, but it was as much owing to the unlucky circumstance that the audience consisted chiefly of French military, who had entered Vienna a few days before, and were more familiar with the thunder of cannon than with sublime musical conceptions, especially when they could not understand anything of their nature and subject. This may serve in part to account for its slender success. But is not some blame to be attributed to Beethoven himself? He would not listen to advice from any quarter, and he had therefore to take a lesson from experience. But was all the experience in the world of any benefit to him? Alas, no! —as we shall see on a decisive occasion, which occurred in 1824, at the rehearsals of his second Mass, and the ninth Symphony.

At that time the friend of his juvenile years, Stephen von Breuning, was particu-

larly serviceable to him. He spared neither advice nor active exertions in his behalf, and helped the inexperienced Beethoven through all the "intrigues and cabals" which he had to encounter on the part of the managers of the theatre and the vocal performers.* But, still too young, and of a disposition as inflammable as Beethoven himself, he was unable to avert any morti-

* Mozart experienced similar, nay still more painful mortifications, calumnies, and even depreciation of his abilities, on account of his Opera '*Die Entführung au dem Serail*,' from the singers and other envious creatures, at the head of whom was his professional colleague M. Salieri. We learn from the biography of that unrivalled composer, published by M. von Nissen and Mozart's widow, that those cabals and persecutions were carried much further on occasion of his succeeding opera '*Figaro's Hochzeit*,' so that, on the conclusion of the second act, Mozart, filled with indignation, went to the Emperor Joseph in his box, and complained of the singers, who were brought back to their duty by a severe reprimand from the monarch. Such baseness and such malice, which incessantly persecuted the immortal Mozart, even after his death, and which found means to deprive his family, left in necessitous circumstances, of the promised support of the Emperor Leopold, are, and will perhaps for ever, remain unparalleled.

fications from the head of his friend, and only drew them down upon his own in an equal degree, and thus doubled his burden, which the interference of the " evil principle" rendered still more oppressive. Others, who wished as well to Beethoven in this affair as Breuning, were not sparing of their advice, and thus the unfortunate composer was involved in a maze of counsels and opinions, as he frequently was in the course of his life, from which nothing but his good genius and love ultimately extricated him. At that time he should have had at his elbow a friend like Wegeler, who, according to Beethoven's account, possessed the talent of giving a comic turn to everything that was likely to produce discord and strife between friends, thus putting them all in good humour with one another again. All the intrigues and cabals to which Beethoven was exposed on occasion of his first opera, might perhaps not have

left behind that disagreeable impression which made him shrink from the mere idea of writing a second. It may be asked, where was then his powerful patron and friend, Prince Lichnowsky, who would probably have cut the knot? Shortly before the entrance of the French troops he quitted Vienna, with many thousand others, and did not return till the autumn of the following year.

After these fatal storms were over, and Beethoven's mind had somewhat recovered its composure, he wrote the fourth Symphony in B major, in point of form, indisputably the most finished of all; and thus storm and tempest were suddenly succeeded by the brightest sunshine. Rapid as such transitions are in nature, so rapid was the change in his tone of mind, and hence ensued not a few contrasts. A musical idea, for instance, which engrossed his imagination, could suddenly

chase all clouds from his brow, and make him forget everything around him, excepting that central point in which all his feelings converged. This was the passion for his Julia, which had then attained its greatest intensity, and seemed to occupy all his thoughts. In the summer of 1806 he took a journey to an Hungarian bathing-place, on account of his gradually increasing deafness. There he addressed to the object of his affection the following three interesting letters, which I possess in his own hand-writing:—

I.

"*July 6th*, 1806, *morning*.

"My angel, my all, my other self!—Only a few words to-day, and in pencil (written with yours). My future abode will certainly not be fixed till to-morrow. What a frivolous waste of time, &c.!—Why this profound sorrow, when neces-

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sity commands? Can our love subsist otherwise than by sacrifices, by not wishing for everything? Canst thou help it that thou art not wholly mine, that I am not wholly thine? Cast thine eyes on beautiful Nature, and let not thy mind be ruffled by that which must be. Love requires everything, and very justly: so it is I with thee, thou with me; only thou forgettest so easily that I must live for myself and for thee. If we were completely united, thou wouldst not feel this sorrow any more than I. My journey was terrible. I did not arrive here till four o'clock yesterday morning, for want of horses. At the last stage, I was warned not to travel at night, and told to beware of a certain wood; but this only spurred me on, and I was wrong: owing to the execrable roads—a bottomless by-road—the carriage broke down. Prince Esterhazy, who travelled hither by the other

road, had the same accident with eight horses that I had with four. Nevertheless, I feel some pleasure again, as I always do when I have conquered some difficulty. But now let us pass rapidly from externals to internals. We shall soon meet again. I cannot communicate to thee to-day the observations which I have been making for some days past on my life. If our hearts were close to one another, I should certainly not make any such. I have much to say to thee. Ah! there are moments when I find that language is nothing! Cheer up!—continue to be my true, my only love, my all, as I to thee: as for the rest—we must leave it to the gods to dispose for us as they please.

"Thy faithful

"LUDWIG."

II.

"*Monday evening, July 6th,* 1806.

"Thou grievest, my dearest!—I have just learned that letters must be put into the post very early. Thou grievest! Ah! where I am, there art thou with me; with me and thee, I will find means to live with thee. What a life!!!! So!!!—Without thee, persecuted by the kindness of people here and yonder, which, methinks, I no more wish to deserve than I really do deserve it—humility of man towards men—it pains me—and when I consider myself in connexion with the universe, what am I, and what is he who is called the greatest? And yet again herein lies the divine in man! . . . . Love me as thou wilt, my love for thee is more ardent—but never disguise thyself from me. Good night!—As an invalid who has come for the benefit of the baths, I must go to rest. Ah God!

So near! So distant! Is not our love a truly heavenly structure, but firm as the vault of heaven!

III.

"*Good morning, on the 7th of July,* 1806.

"Before I was up, my thoughts rushed to thee, my immortal beloved; at times cheerful, then again sorrowful, waiting to see if Fate will listen to us. I cannot live unless entirely with thee, or not at all; nay, I have resolved to wander about at a distance, till I can fly into thine arms, call myself quite at home with thee, and send my soul wrapped up in thee into the realm of spirits. Yes, alas! it must be so! Thou must cheer up, more especially as thou knowest my love to thee. Never can another possess my heart—never!—never! —O God! why must one flee from what one so fondly loves! And the life that I

am leading at present is a miserable life. Thy love makes me the happiest, and at the same time the unhappiest, of men. At my years, I need some uniformity, some equality, in my way of life; can this be in our mutual situation? Be easy; it is only by tranquil contemplation of our existence that we can accomplish our object of living together. What longing with tears after thee, my life, my all! Farewell. O continue to love me, and never misdoubt the most faithful heart of thy

"Beloved LUDWIG."

With such a heart as Beethoven's, is that to be believed which M. Ries says of him in his '*Notizen*,' p. 117,—"He" (namely Beethoven) "was very often in love, but these attachments were mostly of very brief duration. One day when I was rallying him on the conquest of a fair lady, he confessed to me that this one had

enthralled him longer and more powerfully than any—that is to say, full seven months."

But, with Beethoven's extraordinary susceptibility on the point of love, may he not actually have fared the same as others? How many phenomena pass before the eyes of a man, and leave behind an impression upon him only for moments or for days; till at length there comes one which instantly strikes deep into his heart, and incessantly goes before him, as his pole-star in all he does! This seemed indeed to be really the case with Beethoven. That he never forgot the lady in question is evident from his having frequently caused inquiries concerning her to be made by myself and others, and from the lively interest that he always took in everything relating to her. Circumstances forbid me to say more on this subject at present.

Another paper, likewise in his own hand-writing, of a rather later period, attesting his ardent longing for domestic happiness, runs literally thus:—"Love, and love alone, is capable of giving thee a happier life. O God, let me at length find her—her, who may strengthen me in virtue—who may *lawfully* be mine!"

It cannot admit of a doubt that, if Beethoven had had the good fortune to meet with a female of like condition with himself, whom he could have called his own, who had thoroughly known and loved him—this, with his eminent qualities for domestic life, would have proved the foundation of his happiness; and that, under these circumstances, the world would have many more productions of his genius to boast of than it now possesses. Beethoven needed such a Constanze as Mozart once called his (as artists and literary men in particular ought to have),

who could, in like manner, have ventured to say to him, in a tone of kindness, "Stay at home, Ludwig, and work: such and such a one is waiting for what you promised," as Wolfgang's wife is reported to have frequently said to him. Such a woman would have deserved a monument, which he himself had no need of. To say that his deafness caused things to turn out otherwise, and that it was almost the only reason that Beethoven never enjoyed true happiness, is lamentable, but, alas! too true. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the great confidence which he placed in me, on the subject of his attachments, I never heard anything drop from him but names which seemed to point that way; and it would not have become my youth to have questioned him concerning them. Thus even of the Giulietta, to whom I have adverted above, I have heard only casual mention by himself, and to this tender

topic he would not suffer even his oldest friends to make allusion. What I have stated respecting her is nevertheless derived from the most authentic sources. The letters which I have inserted offer moreover incontestable evidence of the truth of what I have mentioned.

It is further said that Beethoven cherished a tender attachment to a Countess Marie Erdödy, to whom he dedicated the two splendid Trios, Op. 70. But to me it appears to have been no more than a friendly intimacy between the two.* On this subject I know nothing particular,

* It were sincerely to be wished that, in future editions of Beethoven's works, the dedications should never be omitted, as is so frequently the case. It was in some instances affection, in others gratitude, which gave our artist occasion to name those who were loved and esteemed by him; and with many of these dedications not unimportant circumstances are associated. Beethoven meant thereby to pay a real tribute of honour and respect to his friends and patrons, without harbouring the slightest expectation of being presented with rings, shirt-pins, gold snuff-boxes, and watches, for his public testimonies of esteem.

excepting that this lady, who was fond of the arts, erected in honour of her instructor and friend, in the park of one of her seats in Hungary, a handsome temple, the entrance to which is decorated with a characteristic inscription, pertinently expressing her homage to the great composer.

As Beethoven once observed of himself that he was composing several things at the same time, so this continued to be his practice. Thus, in the years 1806, 1807, and 1808, in which the fourth, fifth, and sixth Symphonies—those giants of musical poesy—sprang from his brain, he wrote many other works, as the catalogue attests. His C minor *Symphony*, and the *Pastorale*, were not brought out at the same time, as M. Ries states (p. 83), but at different, distant, intervals, as they were composed. It may be rationally assumed, *à priori*, that, to bring out for the first

time, and close on the heels of each other, three works of such extent—M. Ries even adds to them the *Fantasia for the Pianoforte*, with orchestra and vocal music—at a period when the orchestra had not attained that degree of perfection which it has in our days, borders on the impossible.

In this, as in the former period, Beethoven conducted almost all his greater works himself on their first performance. As director of the orchestra, he was neither good nor bad. His impetuosity did not permit him to arrive at the tranquillity and self-command requisite. Feeling himself what each individual instrument had to do, he strove to make each of the performers equally sensible of it, and lost himself in gesticulations, which caused a wavering in the orchestra. His hardness of hearing, whence his listening for the prescribed falling-in of particular instruments, more-

over occasioned frequent delays in passages where the director ought to have urged the whole onward. At the time when his hearing was yet perfect, he had not often occasion to come in contact with the orchestra, and especially to acquire practice in the conducting department at the theatre, which is the best school for that purpose. In the concert-room the talent most fitted for this difficult function is never fully developed, and remains one-sided and awkward. Thus we see composers of eminence incapable of conducting the orchestra in the performance of their own works, if they have not previously acquired the necessary routine, in listening to, and in superintending, numerous bands. If, therefore, Beethoven was frequently involved in unpleasant altercations with his orchestra, this was no more than might have been expected, but never did he descend to coarseness and abuse; still less

does a creature in Vienna know anything about such occurrences with the orchestra as are related by his friend and pupil, M. Ries (pp. 83 and 84), occurrences which "are said" to have happened in Vienna long after M. Ries had gone to Petersburg. And what conductor is there but sometimes gets into unpleasant squabbles with his orchestra, without any one ever attaching importance to them, or employing them as sources for a characteristic account of the man?*

* At p. 83, M. Ries speaks of the performance of the *Fantasia for the Piano-forte*, Op. 80, in which the clarinet-player, by overlooking a repetition, occasioned an interruption. M. Ries proceeds thus with his narrative:—"Beethoven started up furiously, turned himself round, and abused the members of the orchestra in the grossest terms and in so loud a tone as to be heard by the whole audience. At length, he cried 'Begin again!' The theme was re-commenced; each performer fell in at the proper place, and the result was splendid. But when the concert was over, the performers, remembering too well the honourable epithet which Beethoven had publicly applied to them, fell into the most vehement rage, as though the affront had only just then been

This seems to be the proper place for mentioning that it was in this period that

offered; and vowed never to play again if Beethoven was in the orchestra."

The assertion that Beethoven loudly desired that Fantasia to be repeated, on account of the blunder of the first clarinet, is true enough; but, as for any abuse of the members of the orchestra, who were not in fault, and that, too, "in the grossest terms," M. Fr. Clement, the able orchestra-director, with whom Beethoven brought out his Fidelio, the fourth, fifth, and sixth Symphonies, and that Fantasia, who still occupies his post at the Theater an der Wien, knows nothing about it.* Other members of the orchestra at that time, who are still living, know just as little of the matter, and protest against the statements of M. Ries. The latter was not present when Fidelio was brought out, for he was then on his way to Russia, and those Symphonies mentioned by

* I remember having myself been present at the performance in question, seated in a corner of the gallery in the Theater an der Wien: during the last movement of the Fantasia I perceived that—like a carriage run away with down hill—an overturn was inevitable. Almost immediately after, it was, that I saw Beethoven give the signal for stopping. His voice was not heard; but he had probably given directions where to begin again—and after half a moment's respectful silence on the part of the audience—the orchestra re-commenced, and the performance proceeded without further mistake or stoppage.

To those who are acquainted with the work, it may be interesting to know the precise point at which the mistake occurred. It was in the passage where, for several pages, every three bars make up a triple rhythm, as shown on the following page. This peculiarly-constructed rhythm has, until the present time, like most of Beethoven's characteristics, remained his undisputed property.—Ed.

Rhythm of 4 bars.
Rhythm of 3 bars.
pp
Viol. 1mo.
Basso.
Rhythm of 3 bars.
Rhythm of 3 bars.

the friendships formed by Beethoven were increased by two, which had in general great influence over him, in the persons of Count Franz von Brunswick and Baron J. von Gleichenstein. Though not constantly resident in Vienna, they were frequently there, and Beethoven had opportunities of consulting them on matters of importance. Both possessing superior abilities and rare equanimity, and having penetrated deeply into his whole nature and his works, acquired such a control over Beethoven, without any assumption on their part, as

by him, p. 83, were not composed by Beethoven till several years afterwards, any more than the Fantasia in question.

At p. 84, M. Ries thus continues:—"A similar scene is said to have once occurred, but the orchestra resolved not to put up with the affront, and peremptorily insisted that he should not conduct. Accordingly, during the rehearsal, Beethoven was obliged to stay in an adjoining room, and it was a long time before this quarrel was made up."

Not a creature in Vienna has any recollection of such a scene, and, during my residence of twenty-three years in that city, I never heard a syllable on that subject.

enabled them to accomplish much that the officiousness of other friends could never have brought about. The former in particular possessed a profound comprehension of Beethoven's genius which I have never met with in so high a degree in any other of his admirers. Beethoven seems to have even then perceived this mental preponderance of that friend over others, when he dedicated to him the gigantic *Sonata*, Op. 57, and the *Fantasia*, Op. 77. "It must be of no ordinary quality," he probably thought, "if I am to honour a worthy friend according to his deserts."* To his

* The house of Count Franz von Brunswick at Pesth had been for many years a seminary of the true and pure professional faith, without prepossession in favour of any classic. None of the seductive false doctrines of the present day could gain admittance there. To describe the part taken in these pursuits by the countess, who is his pupil, and the most exquisite player on the piano-forte that I ever heard, would require a separate essay, in order to do justice to her performances and to their effects upon her auditors. Let us hope that these abilities may be hereditary in that remarkable family.

A family

friend, Baron von Gleichenstein, Beethoven dedicated the grand *Sonata with Violoncello,* Op. 69. Here I must further mention the Imperial Secretary M. von Zmeskall, who was one of Beethoven's warmest friends at that time, and who, like the two just mentioned, exercised considerable influence over him. To all these three excellent men the great master con-

A family akin for talents and abilities to that of Brunswick, and whose pursuits have taken the same direction, is still to be found at Geilenkirchen, in the province of Rhenish Prussia. The house of M. Max. Flemming, merchant, of Geilenkirchen, near Aix-la-Chapelle, exactly resembles in this point that of the Hungarian magnate. An intimate acquaintance with, and profound comprehension of, the musical classics, were transmitted by the parents to the children in a degree that is rarely witnessed in our times, when domestic music in particular has universally assumed an ephemeral character, and aims only at tickling the senses. Thus in that house too a temple has been erected to Beethoven's Muse, and its service heightens the happiness of the interesting inmates in a manner that must inspire the intelligent observer with the warmest interest for persons holding forth so rare an example.

tinued to be attached and grateful as long as he lived.

It was not the admiration of his genius, but a decided comprehension and appreciation of it, that attached Beethoven to a friend. For idolatrous admirers his heart was but a broad thoroughfare, along which thousands could go in and out without jostling against one another. And this is a sure sign of the truly superior genius, whose chief desire it is to be understood, and completely understood. Astonishment and admiration will then follow in due time and measure.

It will now be interesting to observe how much Beethoven's works had risen in value since the conclusion of the first and the beginning of the second period. Among his papers there is an agreement between him and Muzio Clementi, dated Vienna, the 20th of April, 1807, signed by both,

and witnessed by Baron Gleichenstein. According to this agreement, Beethoven received from M. Clementi for duplicates of the following works:—1st. Three Quartetts; 2nd. The Fourth Symphony; 3rd. The Overture to Coriolanus; 4th. The Fourth Concerto for the Piano-forte; 5th. The Violin Concerto—for sale in England, the sum of two hundred pounds sterling. (All these works had already been disposed of to German publishers.) Clementi further engaged by this agreement to pay Beethoven the sum of sixty pounds sterling for three Sonatas that were not yet composed.

The valuable presents that Beethoven received about this time were numerous, but all of them vanished without leaving any traces behind; and I have heard friends of his assert that the "evil principle" strove to keep not only kindly disposed persons but valuables of every sort away from him. It is said that, when he

was asked,—" What is become of such a ring, or such a watch ?" he would always reply, after some consideration, " I do not know." At the same time he well knew how it had been purloined from him, but he never would accuse his brothers of such dishonesty; on the contrary, he defended them in all their proceedings, and, in their bickerings with others, even with his most tried friends, he generally admitted, if not loudly, yet tacitly, that his brothers were in the right, and thus confirmed them in their practices against his personal interests. In particular, all that his elder brother Carl did he most obstinately defended, as he was extremely fond of him, and placed great reliance on his abilities.*

At the time of the second French invasion, in 1809, Beethoven did not quit

* Among other scenes between Beethoven, his brothers, and friends, M. Ries describes with graphic minuteness one which is particularly to the point (p. 88). —See Supplement No. IV., Vol. II.

Vienna any more than he had done during the first. Had he on this occasion been concerned for his personal safety, and capable of such cowardice as M. Ries leaves the reader to suppose that he betrayed,* he could have taken a thousand opportunities to quit the capital before its occupation; and if, during its bombardment, he retreated to the cellar, he did no more than was done, at that critical moment, by the whole population; and Dr. Wegeler conjectures that he may have been moreover induced to take this precaution by the painful effect of the thunder of the cannon upon his ailing ear. No person that had any opportunity to observe Beethoven closely ever saw him timorous or cowardly; he was precisely the re-

* "During the short bombardment of Vienna by the French, in 1809, Beethoven was excessively alarmed; he passed most of the time in a cellar at his brother Caspar's, where, besides, he covered his head with pillows that he might not hear the cannon."—Such are the words of M. Ries, p. 121 of his '*Notizen*.'

verse, and knew neither fear nor apprehension: and this was quite in accordance with his natural character. Or is it to be presumed that he was timid and alarmed in the year 1809 alone? Did he not stay in Vienna and bring out his Fidelio during the first occupation of the French in 1805, though it was just as likely to have been preceded by a bombardment of the city?

In the year 1809 Beethoven was offered the appointment of Kapell-meister to the King of Westphalia, with a salary of 600 ducats. This offer of a secure provision was the first and the last he ever received in his life—the last, because his defective hearing incapacitated him for the functions of a director of music. But as it was considered discreditable for Austria to suffer the great composer, whom with pride she called her own, to be transferred to another country, an offer was made to him on the

part of the Archduke Rudolph, Prince Kinsky, and Prince Lobkowitz, to settle upon him an annuity of 4000 florins in paper-money so long as he should not have any permanent appointment in the country, on this single condition, that he was not to leave Austria.* To this condition Beethoven acceded, and remained. But, so soon as the year 1811, the Austrian finance-patent reduced these 4000 florins to one-fifth; nevertheless Beethoven could not prevail upon his illustrious patrons to make any modification in the stipulations of 1809. How he fared in the sequel in regard to this fifth of his pension, how materially it was further diminished, we shall see at the proper place in the third period.

In the year 1810 Beethoven brought out his first Mass (Op. 86) at Eisenstadt,

* To this sum the Archduke Rudolph contributed 1500 florins, Prince Lobkowitz 700, and Prince Ferdinand Kinsky 1800.

the summer residence of Prince Esterhazy. M. Hummel was then Kapell-meister to the prince. After the service, Prince Paul Esterhazy, who, it is well known, had a particular predilection for Haydn's church music, received our Beethoven and other eminent persons in his mansion. When the composer entered, the prince said to him in an indifferent tone—"But, my dear Beethoven, what have you been about here again?" in allusion to the work which had just been performed. Disconcerted by this expression of the prince's, Beethoven was still more so, when he saw Hummel stand laughing by the side of the prince. Fancying that he was laughing at him, and moreover that he could perceive a malicious sneer in his professional colleague, he could stay no longer in a place where his production was so ill appreciated. He left the prince's residence the same day, without ascertaining whether that obnoxious laugh

had applied to him, or whether it might not more probably have been occasioned by the way and manner in which the prince expressed himself. His hatred to Hummel on this account struck such deep root, that I am not acquainted with any second instance of the kind in the course of his life. Fourteen years afterwards, he related this circumstance to me with as much asperity as though it had happened only the preceding day. But this dark cloud was dispelled by the energy of his mind, and this would have been the case much sooner had Hummel made friendly advances, and not kept continually aloof, which he did, owing to the fact that both had once been in love with the same lady; but Hummel was, and continued to be, the favoured suitor, because he had an appointment, and had not the misfortune to be hard of hearing.

When Beethoven heard, in the last days

of his life, that Hummel was expected at Vienna, he was overjoyed, and said—"Oh! if he would but call to see me!" Hummel did call, the very day after his arrival, in company with M. And. Streicher; and the meeting of the old friends, after they had not seen each other for so many years, was extremely affecting. Hummel, struck by Beethoven's suffering looks, wept bitterly. Beethoven strove to appease him, by holding out to him a drawing of the house at Rohrau in which Haydn was born, sent to him that morning by Diabelli, with the words—"Look, my dear Hummel, here is Haydn's birth-place; it is a present that I received this morning, and it gives me very great pleasure. So great a man born in so mean a cottage!" Hummel afterwards paid him several visits, and every unpleasant circumstance that had occurred between them was totally forgotten at the first interview. They agreed to meet again

the following summer at Carlsbad, but ten or twelve days afterwards Beethoven expired, and Hummel attended him to the grave.

As it is my intention, as well as my principle, to follow merely the more important incidents in Beethoven's life that stand in direct relation to his individuality, I shall record but one more fact which occurred in the year 1810, and which in its results was important to Beethoven.

That Beethoven was beset by visitors from the most distant countries, and but too often annoyed by them, must appear extremely natural, considering his position with regard to his contemporaries. If space permitted, I could relate interesting particulars of Germans, Russians, Swedes, Poles, Danes, French, and especially of English, who approached Beethoven with all the deference they would pay to a sovereign, and who, when they were in his pre-

sence and saw his unhappy situation, of which they could not before form any conception, were most of them overwhelmed with melancholy. With tears did many a lady of rank inscribe the assurance of her profound respect in his conversation-book, since he could no longer hear her voice; and with tears in their eyes, too, did most of them take leave of him.* Many such scenes did I witness while I was about him. Is the reader curious to learn how Beethoven behaved towards such visitors? Always with more than usual kindliness—talkative, cordial, witty—never as a prince in his realm, and never did he allow his visitors to perceive how deeply galling was his misfortune.

Among his female visitors, in 1810, was Bettina Brentano (von Arnim), of Frankfurt on the Mayne, who, in her letters to

* See Supplement No. VI., Vol. I.

Göthe, has described what passed, and whose reports of her interviews with Beethoven in *Göthe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde* (Göthe's Correspondence with a Child), must be well known to many of the admirers of the great master. It is the latter circumstance that, for the reason assigned in the Introduction, induces me to make a brief remark on Bettina's statements.

Whoever reads, in the work just mentioned, (*Göthe's Briefwechsel*, Band ii. 190) what the evidently somewhat overstrained Bettina, in her letter of the 28th of May, 1810, puts into the mouth of Beethoven, cannot fail to set him down for a *bel esprit* and a most verbose talker, but very erroneously. Beethoven's mode of expressing and explaining himself, on all and every occasion, was throughout his whole life the simplest, shortest, and most concise, both in speaking and writing, as is everywhere proved by the latter. To listen

to highly-polished and flowery phrases, or to read anything written in that style, was disagreeable to him, being contrary to his nature; still less was he himself an adept in it: in all respects simple, plain, without a trace of pompousness—such was Beethoven likewise in conversation. That he thought of his art in the way that Bettina describes, that he recognised in it a higher revelation, and placed it above all wisdom and all philosophy; this was a theme on which he did, indeed, often speak, but always very briefly. With what respect he regarded at the same time other arts and sciences, all of which he held to be closely connected with his own art, is peculiarly worthy of remark.

How would Beethoven have been astonished at all the fine speeches which the sprightly Bettina puts into his mouth—which would be well enough in a poetical work on the master—but, given as matter

of fact, are indeed contrary to his whole nature! He would undoubtedly say,—"My dear Bettina, you, who have such a flow of words and ideas, must certainly have had a *raptus* when you wrote in that manner to Göthe."* Beethoven's letters to Bettina also attest the simplicity and unaffectedness of his way of expressing himself.† A single example will suffice to show this: Beethoven writes in 1812 from Töplitz, in Bohemia, to her among others —"Kings and princes can, to be sure,

* Bettina relates, in her letter of the 28th of May, to Göthe, that she committed to writing Beethoven's remarks on art, &c., which he made the day before in a walk with her, and that she gave him them to read, upon which he asked her in astonishment—"And did I indeed say all this?—Then I must certainly have had a *raptus!*"

† The correspondence which passed between the composer and Madame Bettina von Arnim may be thought hardly to bear out M. Schindler's opinion of Beethoven's style of expression. The reader, however, will be enabled to judge for himself, as he will find in the Supplement No. III., Vol. I., a series of letters, from one of which the passage here cited by the biographer is extracted.—Ed.

make professors, privy councillors, &c., and confer titles and orders, but they cannot make great men—minds which rise above the common herd*—these they must not pretend to make, and therefore must these be held in honour. When two men such as Göthe and I come together, even the high and mighty perceive what is to be considered as great in men like us. Yesterday, on our way home, we met the whole imperial family. We saw them coming from a distance, and Göthe separated from me to stand aside: say what I would, I could not make him advance another step. I pressed my hat down upon my head, buttoned up my great-coat, and walked with folded arms through the

* There is a remarkable coincidence, not only of sentiment but of expression, between the above passage and one of the noblest songs of Burns, particularly the lines—

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man 's aboon his might—."—Ed.

thickest of the throng. Princes and pages formed a line, the Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress made the first salutation. Those gentry know me. I saw to my real amusement the procession file past Göthe. He stood aside, with his hat off, and bending lowly. I rallied him smartly for it; I gave him no quarter; flung in his face all his sins, and most of all, that against you, dearest Bettina: we had been just talking about you. Good God! if it had been my lot to pass such a time with you as he did, depend upon it, I should have produced many, many more great works. A composer is a poet too; he too can feel himself suddenly transported by a couple of eyes into a fairer world, where greater geniuses make game of him, and set him excessively hard tasks."

The results of the acquaintance with that interesting woman were, however, so important for Beethoven, that they might

well excuse a whole volume of such inspired effusions of his and concerning him. Through her Beethoven became acquainted with the house of Brentano in Frankfort, in which he found a friend indeed. The following lines, addressed by Beethoven to me, in February 1823, show in the clearest manner what the Brentano family was to him:—"Try to find out some humane creature, who will lend me money upon a bank share, that, in the first place, I may not encroach too much on the liberality of my friend Brentano, and that by the delay of this money,* I may not get myself into distress, thanks to the notable measures and arrangements of my dearly beloved brother."

It was Bettina who, in like manner, paved the way to the personal acquaintance with Göthe, which actually took place in

* Beethoven here alludes to a small sum which he had to expect from abroad.

the summer of 1812, at Töplitz, as we have seen from Beethoven's letter quoted above: but, though Beethoven has praised Göthe's patience with him, (on account of his deafness) still it is a fact, that the great poet and minister too soon forgot the great composer; and when, in 1823, he had it in his power to render him an essential service, with little trouble to himself, he did not even deign to reply to a very humble epistle from our master. That letter was forwarded to him at Weimar, through the grand-ducal chargé d'affaires, and must, of course, have reached his hands.

In the years 1811 and 1812, nothing occurred of particular moment for the biographer of Beethoven. He lived in his usual way, in winter in the city, and in summer in the country, and adhered to his old custom of changing his place of abode as often in the twelvemonth as others do

inns and places of diversion. Hence it was no uncommon thing for him to have three or four lodgings to pay for at once. The motives for these frequent changes were in general trivial. In one lodging, for instance, he had less sun than he wished, and, if his landlord could not make that luminary shine longer into his apartment, Beethoven removed from it. In another, he disliked the water, which was a prime necessary for him, and, if nothing could be done to please him on this point, Beethoven was off again ; to say nothing of other insignificant causes, such as I shall have to illustrate by two comic anecdotes when I come to the years 1823 and 1824. In regard to his summer abodes, he was particularly whimsical. It was a usual thing with him to remove in May to some place or other on the north side of the city ; in July or August to pack up all of a sudden and go to the south side. It is

easy to conceive how much unnecessary expense this mode of proceeding must have entailed. In his last years, Beethoven was so well known throughout the whole great city as a restless lodger, that it was difficult to find a suitable place of abode for him. At an earlier period, it was his friend Baron Pasqualati who kept apartments in constant readiness for the fickle Beethoven; if he could not find any that he liked better, he returned, with bag and baggage, to the third or fourth floor at Pasqualati's, where, however, not a ray of sunshine was ever to be seen, because the house has a northern aspect. Beethoven, nevertheless, frequently resided there for a considerable time.

In these three years of the second period he laboured assiduously, and we see already nearly one hundred of his works in the catalogue. The price of them increased from year to year, and in the like

proportion increased Beethoven's necessities, whims, and eccentricities, or whatever you choose to call them. Large as were the sums that he earned, he had not laid by anything; nor did his brother Carl, who at that time had the entire management of all his affairs, strive to prevail upon him to do so. The first impulse to secure by economy a competence for the future, was given by an excellent woman, whose name must not be omitted here: it was Madame Nanette Streicher (her maiden name was Stein), whose persuasions were beneficial to Beethoven in another point besides that just mentioned, inasmuch as they induced him again to mingle in society, though indeed but for a short time, after he had almost entirely withdrawn himself from it. Madame Streicher found Beethoven in the summer of 1813 in the most deplorable condition with reference to his personal and domestic comforts. He had neither a de

cent coat nor a whole shirt, and I must forbear to describe his condition such as it really was. Madame Streicher put his wardrobe and his domestic matters to rights, assisted by M. Andreas Streicher (a friend of Schiller's from his youth), and Beethoven complied with all her suggestions. He again took lodgings for the ensuing winter at Pasqualati's; hired a man-servant, who was a tailor and had a wife, but she did not live in the house with him. This couple paid the greatest attention to Beethoven, who now found himself quite comfortable, and for the first time began to accustom himself to a regular way of life, that is to say, in so far as it was possible for him. While his attendant followed his business undisturbed in the anteroom, Beethoven produced in the adjoining apartment many of his immortal works; for instance, the Symphony in A major, the Battle Symphony, the Cantata "*Der*

glorreiche Augenblick" (the Glorious Moment), and several others. In this situation I will now leave him, and close the second period of his life, from the motley events of which the reader may, of himself, draw this conclusion:—that, if the first period of Beethoven's life may be justly called his golden age, that which immediately followed it was not a silver age, but an age of brass.

THIRD PERIOD.

FROM NOVEMBER, 1813, TILL HIS DEATH, IN 1827.

PART I.

Causes of Beethoven's preceding Troubles—Performance of his 'Battle of Vittoria,' for the Benefit of disabled Soldiers—Dishonest Conduct of M. Mälzel; its Effect on Beethoven—Commencement of the Author's Acquaintance with him—Attention paid to Beethoven by the Allied Sovereigns at Vienna—Pitiful Conduct of Carl M. von Weber—Scotch Songs set to Music by Beethoven—Death of his elder Brother—He undertakes the Guardianship of his Son, whom he adopts—Diminution of his Annuity by the Failure of Prince Lobkowitz—He commences House-keeping—Law-suit with his Brother's Widow—Society for the Performance of Beethoven's Chamber Music, directed by Carl Czerny—Further Diminution of his Pension—His Pupil, the Archduke Rudolph, nominated Archbishop of Ollmütz—Beethoven commences a grand Mass for his Installation—Household Troubles—Walzes and Bagatelles—Straitened Finances—Ignoble Application of Musical MS.—Performance of 'The Ruins of Athens'—The 'Land-owner' and the 'Brain-owner'—Subscription of Sovereigns to Beethoven's new Mass—His Letter to Cherubini.

THE various troubles which Beethoven had to encounter in the second period

of his life, of which we have just been treating, originated, firstly, in disappointed love; secondly, in his increasing deafness, for his right ear totally refused to perform its functions; and, thirdly, in his inexperience in matters of business, for the just comprehension of which nature had not endowed him with the requisite faculties. All the unpleasant things which had hitherto befallen him, to which belong the various collisions with his friends, were mere private matters, capable, indeed, of deeply affecting such a mind, but not of checking creative genius in its flights. Thus far he was a stranger to suits and courts of law, attempts upon the productions of his mind, and public quarrels with utterly unprincipled men. All these, and many other trials, awaited him in the period at which we have now arrived. They were not all of them provoked by him, but partly brought upon him by the pressure of circum-

stances, partly by intriguing persons, who strove on every occasion to turn his inexperience to their own private advantage. From these contests sprang circumstances deplorable for Beethoven, which had a most pernicious influence on his creative genius, as well as upon his temper, as we shall have occasion to observe in the course of this third period of his life.

The moment at which I have to resume the thread of his history, and to connect it with the preceding period, is that when Beethoven, in the autumn of 1813, was preparing for the performance of his Battle of Vittoria, and his A major Symphony, both which works he had just completed. The performance of these, with some other pieces of his composition, took place on the 8th and again on the 12th of December in the same year, in the hall of the University, for the benefit of the Austrian and Bavarian soldiers dis-

abled in the battle of Hanau. A letter of thanks to all the co-operators in those two concerts, written by Beethoven's own hand, and destined for insertion in the *Wiener Zeitung*, lies before me, and possesses historical interest. Owing to the length of this document I can only venture here to introduce a few extracts from it. After Beethoven has, at the opening of this address, expressed his thanks for the assistance he has received, he proceeds thus:—"It was a rare assemblage of eminent performers, each of whom was inspired solely by the idea of being able to contribute by his talents something towards the benefit of the country; and who, without any order of precedence, co-operated, even in subordinate places, in the execution of the whole. . . . . On me devolved the conduct of the whole, because the music was of my composition; had it been by any one else, I should have taken my

place at the great drum, just as cheerfully as M. Hummel did,* for we were all actuated solely by the pure feeling of patriotism and willingness to exert our abilities for those who had sacrificed so much for us." Respecting the composition of the orchestra, Beethoven expressly says—"M. Schuppanzigh was at the head of the first violins, M. Spohr and M. Mayseder co-operated in the second and third places; M. Salieri, the chief Kapell-meister, beat time to the drums and the cannonades; and Messrs. Siboni and Giuliani were likewise stationed in subordinate places.

No sooner was this patriotic act accomplished than Beethoven returned to his accustomed occupation, not dreaming to what unheard-of results (results specially

* I must claim for my friend Meyerbeer the place here assigned to Hummel, who had to act in the cannonade; and this I may the more firmly assert, as, the cymbals having been intrusted to me, Meyerbeer and I had to play from one and the same part.—Ed.

injurious to him, his latest work, The Battle of Vittoria, would give occasion, and what treachery, on the part of a man whom he had always considered as his friend, would follow, nay, in a manner, spring out of, that solemn act.

M. Maelzel, the mechanist, inventor of the musical metronome, was one of Beethoven's warmest friends and adherents. In the year 1812, M. Maelzel promised the great composer to make him an apparatus for assisting his hearing. To spur him on to the fulfilment of this promise, Beethoven composed a piece—"Battle Symphony" (so he calls it himself)—for the Panharmonicon, recently invented by M. Maelzel. The effect of this piece was so unexpected that Maelzel requested its author to arrange it for the orchestra. Beethoven, who had long entertained the plan of writing a grand Battle Symphony, acceded to Maelzel's proposal, and immediately set about com-

pleting the work. By degrees four acoustic machines were produced, but only one of which Beethoven found serviceable, and used for a considerable time, especially in his interviews with the Archduke Rudolph and others, when it would have been too tedious to keep up a conversation in writing.

It was M. Maelzel who undertook the arrangement of the two concerts abovementioned, and as this was no trifling job, Beethoven relinquished it to him without suspicion, occupied at home meanwhile with his composition. Hence it was that, in the first public announcement, Maelzel presumed to proclaim this work of Beethoven's his own property, as having been presented to him by the author. This assertion was flatly contradicted by Beethoven, upon which Maelzel declared that he claimed this work in payment for the machines which he had furnished, and for a considerable sum of money lent. As,

however, he adduced no evidence to this point, Beethoven regarded what had taken place as an unbecoming joke of his friend's, and suspected nothing worse, though from that time the behaviour of this friend to Beethoven was beneath the dignity of an educated man.

Immediately after the first of those concerts, Beethoven received intimation from several quarters that Maelzel was seeking ways and means to appropriate that new work to himself in an illicit manner—a thing which the master, however, held to be impossible, for he had never suffered the scores to go out of his possession, and began to keep a watchful eye on the individual parts for the orchestra. But this caution came rather too late; for Maelzel had already found means to come at several of those parts, and to get them arranged in score.

It may be asked what object Maelzel

could have to carry his dishonesty to such a length? He had projected a journey to England, and meant to make money there, and likewise on the road thither, with Beethoven's Battle-Symphony. By way of excusing his conduct in Vienna, he scrupled not to declare loudly that Beethoven owed him four hundred ducats, and that he had been obliged to take that work in payment.

These scandalous proceedings were for a considerable time a subject of general reprobation, and afterwards forgotten. In a few months, however, Maelzel set out for England, and Beethoven presently received intelligence from Munich that he had had the Battle-Symphony performed in that city, but in a mutilated shape, and that he had given out that the work was his property. It was now high time for Beethoven to take legal steps against Maelzel. From the deposition relative to

that fact, which he delivered to his advocate, and which I possess in his own handwriting, I shall merely quote the following passage:—"We agreed to give this work (the Battle-Symphony), and several others of mine, in a concert for the benefit of the soldiers. While this matter was in progress I was involved in the greatest embarrassment for want of money. Abandoned by everybody here in Vienna, in expectation of a bill, &c., Maelzel offered to lend me fifty ducats in gold. I took them, and told him that I would return them to him here, or that he should have the work to take with him to London, if I should not accompany him; and that, in this latter case, I would give him an order upon it to an English publisher, who should pay him those fifty ducats." I must further mention a declaration made in this matter by Baron Pasqualati, and Dr. von Adlersburg, advocate to the court, and an address

of Beethoven's to the performers of London. From that declaration, dated October 20th, 1814, it appears that Beethoven had in no wise relinquished to Maelzel the copyright of that work; and in the address to the performers of London, of the 25th of July, 1814, Beethoven adverts to the circumstance at Munich, and expressly says—"The performance of these works (the Battle-Symphony, and Wellington's Battle of Vittoria) by M. Maelzel is an imposition upon the public, and a wrong done to me, inasmuch as he has obtained possession of them in a surreptitious manner." He further warns them against that "mutilated" work; for it was ascertained that Maelzel had not been able to get at all the orchestral parts, and had therefore employed some one to compose what was deficient.*

* I witnessed the origin and progress of this work, and remember that not only did Maelzel decidedly in-

This disgraceful proceeding I have deemed it my duty to state here without reserve, as its effect, both on Beethoven's temper, and on his professional activity, was extremely injurious. It served also to increase his mistrust of those about him to such a degree that for a considerable time it was impossible to hold intercourse with him. It was, moreover, owing to this cause that from this time forward Beethoven had most of his compositions copied at home, or, as this was not always prac-

duce Beethoven to write it, but even laid before him the whole design of it; himself wrote all the drum-marches and the trumpet-flourishes of the French and English armies; gave the composer some hints, how he should herald the English army by the tune of "Rule Britannia;" how he should introduce "Malbrook" in a dismal strain; how he should depict the horrors of the battle, and arrange "God save the King" with effects representing the hurrahs of a multitude. Even the unhappy idea of converting the melody of "God save the King" into a subject of a fugue in quick movement, emanates from Maelzel. All this I saw in sketches and score, brought by Beethoven to Maelzel's workshop, then the only suitable place of reception he was provided with. —Ed.

ticable, that he was incessantly overlooking his copyists, or setting others to overlook them, for he considered them all as dishonest and open to bribery, of which indeed he had sufficient proofs. By that circumstance, of course, his suspicion on this point was kept continually awake; and, after such an encroachment upon his property, who would imagine that Beethoven could ever allow this pseudo-friend to hold intercourse with him, though indeed only by letter? This, nevertheless, was the case. When M. Maelzel was striving to bring his metronome into vogue, he applied, in preference, to Beethoven, at the same time intimating that he had then in hand an acoustic machine, by means of which the Composer would be enabled to conduct his Orchestra. Maelzel's letter on this subject, dated Paris, April 19th, 1818, lies before me, and communicates this intelligence. Nay, he even proposes in it that

Beethoven should accompany him in a journey to England. Beethoven expressed his approbation of the metronome in a letter to Maelzel, but of the promised machine he never heard another syllable.

I shall here take leave to state that it was in the year 1814 that I first made Beethoven's personal acquaintance, which I had long been particularly desirous to do.* He was the man whom I worshipped like an idol, the composer all of whose works I heard and even practised during my studies at the Gymnasium of Olmütz, and all the public performances of which I now, as a member of the University of Vienna, made a point of attending. It was in the first months of 1814 that I found an opportunity to deliver, instead of another person, to Beethoven, who was then lodging in the

* I am proud to say that I am four years in advance of my friend Schindler, having made Beethoven's much-desired acquaintance four years sooner—in 1810.—Ed.

house of Baron von Pasqualati, a note to which an immediate answer was required. He wrote an answer, asking meanwhile several questions, and, short as was this conversation, and though Beethoven took no farther notice of the bearer of the note, who had scarcely arrived at manhood, my longing merely to hear the voice of the man for whom I felt infinitely more esteem than for Kant and the whole *corpus juris* put together, was gratified, and the acquaintance, subsequently so important and eventful to me, was made. It was, however, not till the beginning of the year 1816 that I met him almost daily at a particular hour at the Flowerpot Tavern, and thus came into closer contact with him. But if I followed him with my veneration before my personal acquaintance with him, after that I was bound to him as though by a spell. Nothing that concerned him now escaped me, and, wherever I merely conjectured him

to be, there I insinuated myself, and always accosted him frankly: a hearty shake of the hand invariably told me that I was not troublesome to him. The principal object for meeting at the above-mentioned place, where M. Pinterics, a friend of Beethoven's, a man universally respected, and a Captain in the Emperor's German Guard, were our never-failing companions, was the reading of the newspapers, a daily necessity to Beethoven. From that place he frequently permitted me to attend him in his walks, a privilege which I accounted one of the greatest felicities of my life, and for which, though overloaded with studies, I always contrived to find plenty of time. To render him service, whenever and wherever he needed it, became from that moment, till his decease, my bounden duty; and any commission that *he* gave me took precedence of every other engagement.

In the year 1814, Beethoven lost his old patron, Prince Carl von Lichnowsky, who died on the 15th of April.

The remarkable political epoch, when, in the autumn of 1814, the allied sovereigns and many other distinguished personages from the confederated states of Europe met in congress at Vienna, was likewise of importance and of pecuniary benefit to Beethoven. He was requested by the magistracy of the city of Vienna to set to music, as a Cantata, a poem by Dr. Weissenbach, of Salzburg, the purport of which was to welcome the illustrious visitors on their arrival within the walls of ancient Vindobona. It is the Cantata *Der glorreiche Augenblick* (The Glorious Moment), which has but very recently been published, with a different text, by the title of "*Preis der Tonkunst*" (Praise of Music). That this is one of the least meritorious of Beethoven's works every

one must admit: he himself attached no value to it, though it procured him the diploma of citizenship of Vienna. As reasons for the inferiority of this composition may be assigned the very short time allowed him for the work, and the "barbarous text," from which his imagination could not derive a single spark of inspiration. With respect to the latter, several curious scenes took place with the author, who

* This work may not, perhaps, rank equally high with some of Beethoven's most sublime productions; yet it speaks *his* language, and has all the charms so peculiar to himself, particularly in the choral parts. It consists of—

No. 1. *Chorus.*

2. *Recitativo* and *Chorus.*

3. *Grand Scena,* Soprano, with Violin obligato and *Chorus.*

4. *Solo,* Soprano and *Chorus.*

5. *Recitativo* and *Quartett,* two Soprani, Tenor, and Bass.

6. Chorus and Fugue.

The original score of this work, with copies of both texts, has been intrusted to me by M. Haslinger, of Vienna; and I am still in possession of it, in case a suitable opportunity for its performance should present itself.—ED.

was so hampered by the composer, that at last he was glad to relinquish the task of polishing to another. This Cantata was performed, together with the Battle of Vittoria and the A major Symphony, on the 29th of November, in the presence of the foreign sovereigns, some of whom made handsome presents to the composer.

Those memorable winter months at the end of 1814, and the commencement of 1815, were important to Beethoven in another respect. Numbers of the distinguished foreign visiters thronged to him to pay him their homage, and it was more especially at the parties of the Russian ambassador, Prince Rasumowsky, that the sovereign of the realm of harmony was accustomed to receive this. It is well known that the testimonies of warm esteem paid to Beethoven in the apartments of the Archduke Rudolph, by the highest personages who sought him there, were

equally cordial and affecting. An interview of this kind with the Empress of Russia was particularly interesting, and Beethoven could not call it to mind without emotion. He used afterwards to relate, jocosely, how he had suffered the crowned heads to pay court to him, and what an air of importance he had at such times assumed. How differently, alas! did he fare ten years later! It was a new world, as it were, in which we all lived ten years afterwards in Vienna, where but one name —the name of Rossini—was destined to be thought of any value.

These extraordinary tokens of favour, conferred about that time on our Beethoven, made no change whatever in him: he continued to be just what he was before—Beethoven. In the spring of 1815 he gave several public performances of his A major Symphony, which had puzzled certain reviewers abroad as well as at home,

to such a degree, that some of them went so far as to declare that "the extravagances of his genius had reached the *ne plus ultra*, and that Beethoven was now quite ripe for the mad-house." Oh! the pitiful creatures! It is much to be regretted that there should have been among them professional men, who sought in every possible way to mortify Beethoven, who themselves would fain have scaled Parnassus by force, and had scarcely ascended a few steps before they were seized with dizziness and tumbled backward to the bottom. One of these egotists, after a fall of this kind, cringed and bowed down to the very dust before Beethoven, beseeching that he would assist him to rise again, but it was too late.*

* It was M. Carl Maria von Weber, who, after the failure* (see p. 164) of his Opera Euryanthe (1823), brought the score of that work, with the most profound humility, to Beethoven, requesting him to make what alterations he pleased in it, and promising to submit entirely to his

From this brief intimation, the reader may infer that, notwithstanding the gigantic

opinion. Beethoven, well knowing what acrimonious reviews of some of his works M. von Weber had sent from Prague to German journals, received him in the most friendly manner; and, after looking over the score, said to him, in my presence, that he ought to have made this application *before* the performance of his Opera, but that now he thought it too late, unless M. von Weber would undertake such a reform with it as he (Beethoven) did with his Fidelio.

It is interesting to see, for example, in the first version of the Opera Fidelio, how the master has composed several numbers twice and even four times. These casts, always of the same text, frequently differ very essentially from one another. Upon the whole, the first score of Fidelio, with the numerous variations, frequent improvements in the rhythm, in the instrumentation, and in the invention of the melody, affords a manifest truth of the extreme severity which the great master was accustomed to exercise in the correction of all his works; hence it would form an admirable study for young composers, and would deserve a place in a public library, where it would be accessible to everybody.

* It is with reluctance that I comment upon the word "failure" applied by M. Schindler to the "Euryanthe" of Weber, which was performed in November, 1823. But I was present at the first performance of this Opera, which the composer conducted, and the following pieces were *encored*:—The Overture—the 1st Tenor air sung by *Adolar* (Haitzinger)—the Finale to the 1st Act, sung by *Euryanthe* (Mlle. Sontag)—the principal pieces sung by Mad. Grünbaum (*Eglantine*) and

greatness to which Beethoven had then attained, he was pursued by envy and

Forti (*Lysiard*). The Huntsmen's, as well as several other Chorusses, were most enthusiastically received, and the composer was called for at the end of the Opera, with every testimony of approbation. The evening was wound up by a convivial supper, given by a literary and artistical society called the Ludlam's Höhle, at which, together with Weber's pupil, M. Benedict, I had the pleasure of assisting, in conclusion of a triumphant success.

I do not, of course, intend to throw any doubt upon the circumstance here stated, of Weber having shown the score of Euryanthe to Beethoven, yet there seems to be some doubt as to Weber not having been on good terms with Beethoven, the more so when Rellstab's accounts are taken into consideration.

I make some extracts from the Memoirs of this much-esteemed writer and critic. He says (March 24th, 1825), "My journey to Vienna had been decided upon . . . . . yet, of all the fair promises the imperial city held out to me, there was none so exciting or so spirit-stirring as the supreme felicity which I felt at the thoughts of becoming acquainted with Beethoven." . . . .

Rellstab, on his way to Vienna, calls upon C. M. von Weber at Dresden, and, on asking him for a letter of introduction to Beethoven, receives the following reply:—"Beethoven does not like epistolary communication, and thinks it quite as irksome to read, as to write letters, but you may bring him all sorts of kind and respectful messages from me verbally; to judge from the kind reception he gave me during my last stay at Vienna, in 1823, I should suppose he would remember me with every feeling of sympathy and attachment." Weber then proceeded to give me an account of his last visit to Beethoven, to which, of course, I listened with the greatest eagerness. "We had been to him several times," said he, "without having once been able to see him; he was out of humour, and shunning all human society, yet we at length succeeded in finding the propitious moment; we were shown in, and beheld him sitting at his writing-table, from which he did not however rise at once to give us a friendly welcome. He had known me for several years, so that I could at once enter into conversation with him,

hatred, though he turned out of every one's way, and ceased to hold intercourse with any of his professional brethren. He perceived but too clearly that all these gentry felt humbled and uncomfortable in his presence. Even M. Kanne, with whom he had most associated in early years, and to whose eminent talents he always paid the highest respect, was not oftener than twice or three times a-year in his company.

In the summer of 1815, Beethoven occupied himself exclusively with the composition, or instrumentation, of the "Scotch Songs," for Mr. George Thompson, of Edinburgh, the collector of national songs, who paid him a considerable sum for the work,

but suddenly he started up, stood upright before me, and, putting his two hands on my shoulders, he shook me with a kind of rough cordiality, saying, 'You have always been a fine fellow!' and with this he embraced me in the kindest and most affectionate manner.

"Of all the marks of distinction then shown to me at Vienna, of all the praise and fame I there earned, nothing ever touched my heart as much as this fraternal kiss of Beethoven's."—Ed.

as is evident from the correspondence. How many of these Scotch songs Beethoven set to music it was not possible for me to ascertain; but I believe that not near all of them have been published.

In the autumn of 1815, died his elder brother Carl, who held the office of cashier in the national bank of Austria. With the death of this brother commenced a new epoch for our Beethoven, an epoch of incidents and facts difficult to relate; and, could I here lay down my pen and leave the continuation of my work to another, I should feel myself truly happy. Here begins a most painful situation for the biographer who adopts this motto: "Do justice to the dead, and spare the living: with the former fulfil the desire of the deceased; with the latter, do the duty of the Christian, and leave Him who is above to judge."

To evade this dilemma is utterly impos-

sible: it would be the same thing as to close here at once the biography of Beethoven, which the whole musical world desires to have as complete as possible, and which from this time acquires a higher interest; for not only is Beethoven brought, for the first time, by a conflict of circumstances, into closer contact with civil life, and binds up the rod for scourging his own back, but, through these new conflicts, the moral man Beethoven first gains occasion to show himself in all his energy, and even momentarily to outweigh the creative genius.

The value of that brother Carl, while living, to Beethoven we have several times had occasion to show. Whether it might not have been desirable for his creative genius, as well as for his peace with the world, that this brother had died many years earlier, I will not pretend to decide, but shall merely assert, that he

ought not, on many accounts, to have died before Beethoven, as he left him burdens that could not fail to crush him but too speedily. In his will, dated November 14, 1815, Carl van Beethoven begged his brother Ludwig to take upon himself the guardianship of the son whom he left behind. How our Beethoven fulfilled this request will be shown in the sequel.

In a letter of the 22nd of November, 1815,* to M. Ries, Beethoven himself mentions the death of this brother, adding, "And I cannot estimate what I have given him to render his life more comfortable at less than 10,000 florins" (10,000 francs) —by which Beethoven cannot possibly mean all that he had given to his brother during his whole life, for that he was himself least capable of calculating. In the same letter he says, "He"—namely, his deceased brother,—"had a bad wife;"

* See Supplement No. II., Vol. II.

and if he had added, "both had a son who is now to be my son," he would have comprehended in one sentence the sources of the severest affliction of his future life.

At the death of his father, Beethoven's nephew was about eight years old, a handsome boy, the quality of whose mind also authorised great hopes. Perceiving this, and considering, on the other hand, what would become of him if he continued with his mother, he resolved to adopt him as his son.* But, as the boy's mother protested against this, while Beethoven persevered in his resolution, supporting himself upon the last will of his brother, the matter led to a lawsuit, the proceedings in which were commenced by the widow.

Before I continue the narrative of this

* But not "tacitly," as M. von Seyfried asserts at p. 12 of his Biographical Particulars. In Austria there is no such thing as a tacit adoption; every adoption requires a legal confirmation in order to be valid.

unhappy transaction, it is necessary to mention another unpleasant circumstance relating to our master. Precisely at the time when Beethoven's young nephew became the bone of contention between his mother and his uncle, the interests of music in Vienna suffered severely through the failure of Prince Lobkowitz. This nobleman, who had become lessee of the Imperial Court Theatre—not for the sake of lucre, but out of genuine love to the arts—carried his zeal for all that is sublime and beautiful too far, and was obliged suddenly to stop. Owing to this circumstance, Beethoven lost the portion contributed by the prince to the pension settled upon him in 1809; and, as for any restitution, that was wholly out the question. Thus we see that the amount of that pension, reduced to one-fifth by the finance-patent in 1811, was now still further diminished.

At the time when the suit in question

commenced (1816) Beethoven was engaged in setting up a household establishment of his own, which appeared to him to be indispensably necessary if he meant to keep his nephew, unassailed by the world, under his own care. Upon this prosaic business, so incongruous with all his habits, he fell to work, as he did upon everything else, earnestly and zealously. By way of intermezzo, I shall just introduce a little specimen of the manner in which he set about it. He seems to have made his first inquiries of a person conversant with housekeeping: a paper, containing on the left Beethoven's questions, and on the right the answers to them, written in masculine hand, is an interesting document of his spirit of enterprise. He asks, for instance :—

"I. What is a proper allowance for two servants for dinner and supper, both as to quality and quantity?"

On the right-hand side is given the answer, in most minute detail.

"2. How often should one give them meat?—Ought they to have it both at dinner and supper?

"3. Do the servants take their meals off the victuals cooked for the master, or have they their own separately: that is, have they different victuals from what the master has?

"4. How many pounds of butchers' meat are allowed for three persons?"

In this way the new housekeeper proceeds, and we discover in it a pleasing proof of his humanity.

The suit between Beethoven and his sister-in-law was carried before the court of nobles, the *Landrecht* of Lower Austria; the complaint was heard, and the proceedings were continued for a considerable time. The notion that the *van* prefixed to Beethoven's name was, like the German

von, an indication of noble birth, seems to have been current in Austria from ancient times; the court, therefore, required no further evidence on that point. This suit did not hinge upon a point of law, a matter of *meum* and *tuum*, but Beethoven had to prove that his sister-in-law was an immoral woman, and consequently unfit to bring up her son. From the preceding part of this biography we have learned sufficient of his moral character, and likewise of his temper, to conceive how painful was the task which the necessity of furnishing evidence to this effect imposed upon our Beethoven—upon him to whom anything doubtful and equivocal in morals and character was so disgusting in any person that he could not bear to hear that person mentioned, and still less suffer him to come near him; and now, in order to rescue a child from certain perdition, to be compelled to expose in a court of justice the

life led by one so nearly related to himself! The agitation in which he was kept for a long time by this circumstance deprived him of all equanimity; and had he not been absolutely forced to work, in order to support himself and his nephew, who had been provisionally given up to him on the part of the court, we should not have seen one great work produced by him during that inauspicious period; for even the 8th Symphony, which was performed for the first time in 1817, was fortunately conceived and partly composed before the commencement of that lawsuit.

In the course of the legal proceedings, which had already lasted a considerable time, it was intimated to the court that the word *van*, of Dutch origin, does not ennoble the family to whose name it is prefixed, according to the laws of Holland; that, in the province of the Rhine, in which Beethoven was born, it was held to be of

no higher value; that, consequently, the halo of nobility ought to be stripped from this *van* in Austria also. Beethoven was accordingly required to produce proofs of his nobility. "My nobility," he exclaimed, with emphasis, "is here and here!" pointing to his breast and his head: but the court refused to allow the validity of the claim, and transferred the acts to the city magistracy of Vienna, as the proper court for commoners—after it had, however, by decision in the first instance, already acknowledged Beethoven's guardianship over his nephew.

This procedure, the transfer of the acts to the civil tribunal, though perfectly according to law, drove Beethoven beside himself; for he considered it as the grossest insult that he had ever received, and as an unjustifiable depreciation and humiliation of the artist—an impression too deep to be ever erased from his mind. But for his

advocate,* who strove, with the affection of a friend, to allay his resentment on account of a resolution in exact accordance with the law, Beethoven would have quitted the country.

Just at the moment when the deeply-mortified master was indulging the hope that this suit, which had already lasted for some years, and occasioned him so much vexation and loss of time (during which time his nephew had been passed from hand to hand, and the system of instruction and education been changed as often as his coat), would soon be definitively terminated, the magistracy of Vienna reversed the decision of the tribunal of the nobles, and appointed Beethoven's sister-in-law guardian of her son. The consequence was that the suit was commenced

* This was Dr. Bach, senior court-advocate and sworn notary, who has for the third time been elected Dean of the Faculty of the Law in the University of Vienna.

afresh, and it was only after repeated unpleasant discussions, and through the indefatigable exertions of his advocate, that it was brought to a close in the year 1820; the Court of Appeal having confirmed the first decision of the *Landrecht* of Lower Austria. From Beethoven's memorial to the Court of Appeal, dated January 7th, 1820, which was written by himself, and the original of which lies before me,* I extract the following characteristic passage:—

"My wishes and my efforts have no other aim than that the boy may receive the best possible education, as his capacity autho-

* For this interesting document I am indebted to my esteemed friend Dr. Bach. In his letter of the 9th of June, 1839, when he sent it to me, he expresses this wish:—"Not a trait of that great soul ought to be lost, because it proves that with an inexhaustible genius a noble spirit may be combined." He will perceive how strictly and how faithfully I have endeavoured in this work to comply with his wishes and the express desire of our mutual friend.

rises the indulgence of the fairest hopes, and that the expectation which his father built upon my fraternal love may be fulfilled. The shoot is still flexible, but, if more time be wasted, it will grow crooked for want of the training hand of the gardener; and upright bearing, intellect, and character will be lost for ever. I know not a more sacred duty than the superintendence of the education and formation of a child. The duty of guardianship can only consist in this—to appreciate what is good and to take such measures as are conformable with the object in view; then only has it devoted its zealous attention to the welfare of its ward: but in obstructing what is good it has ever neglected its duty."

Amidst these troubles, Beethoven needed other supporters besides his friend and legal adviser, Dr. Bach, to cheer him up and to keep him from sinking under them. These tried friends were too much concerned with

his professional pursuits, as well as with the transactions of his life, not to be named here. They are M. C. Bernard, the esteemed poet and editor of the "*Wiener Zeitung*;" M. Peters, counsel to Prince Lobkowitz; and M. Oliva, at present professor of German literature in St. Petersburg. It was the second whom the Court of Appeal appointed co-guardian with Beethoven, at the special desire of the latter, on the ground of his deafness.

As it has been already observed, the boy, the object of this long dispute, had, during the course of it frequently to change his home, studies, and whole plan of education. Sometimes he was with his uncle, sometimes with his mother, and at others again at some school. But, notwithstanding this incessant change, his progress in music and in the sciences, especially in philology, was fully adequate to his capacity; and thus it seemed as though Beethoven

would one day receive well-merited thanks, and that he would have joy, nothing but joy, over his nephew, in return for the inexpressible afflictions and mortifications which he had undergone during this suit of four years' continuance, and for the unexampled affection, care, nay even sacrifices, with which he prosecuted his education. Whether this prospect was realised, whether his hopes were accomplished, we shall see hereafter.

Before I again take up the thread of events in Beethoven's life, I think this may not be an unfit place for a cursory notice of the proceedings of a small association, composed of professional men and accomplished amateurs, which, though it was not intimately conected with the events of Beethoven's life, and neither had, nor could have, any influence upon them, yet furnishes occasion for showing in what favour and honour Beethoven's compositions, especially

the chamber music, that really inexhaustible mine of the profoundest and most expressive musical poetry, was held by the better portion of the Vienna dilettanti and performers. The task undertaken by this modest society was to execute classic music in the chamber style, and Beethoven's in preference, before a small circle of auditors, capable of relishing its beauties. M. Carl Czerny gave the impulse to this society, so worthy of record in the history of the art, and was upon the whole its guiding principle. The meetings were held at his residence in the forenoon of every Sunday, and were continued with gradually increasing interest for three successive winters. It was another sort of divine worship, to which every one without exception and without announcement had free access. To the peculiar gratification of M. Czerny, Beethoven previously went through several of his greatest works with him, and fre-

quently attended the performance at his side, and his presence had the effect of heightening the interest felt by all the members of the society to the warmest enthusiasm. At the pianoforte M. Czerny had worthy assistants in the accomplished Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann (to whom Beethoven dedicated his Sonata, Op. 101), and in Messrs. Steiner, von Felsburg, and Pfaller, in the civil service of the Imperial government. The concourse to this musical stoa, where every one might make himself acquainted with all that was most sublime, or at least acquire clearer conceptions of it, was always extraordinary; and kindred spirits there found opportunity for learning to know and to esteem each other. All foreign professional men and connoisseurs, who in their own countries could gain but obscure notions of the spirit of Beethoven's music, here found themselves at the fountain-head of the

purest poesy, which never flowed so clear and so brilliant since those memorable parties at Prince Lichnowsky's (of which mention has been made in the first period), and perhaps never may again in that place where this gigantic genius, so far in advance of his age, lived and wrought. For, indeed, so totally is everything, both in prose and poetry, changed there since his time, that this master-mind is become almost a stranger in his earthly home. The doors of that memorable school, which powerfully elevated the mind and heart of all who frequented it, closed at the end of the third winter course for ever, because M. Czerny began thenceforward to devote himself to composition; and, with the opening of the Italian Opera, which speedily followed, all incitement to the cultivation of Beethoven's pianoforte music ceased. Thus it would be very likely that foreigners might now in vain seek an opportunity to

hear a Sonata of Beethoven's in Vienna; for the banners of the present day are no longer inscribed with his immortal name.

The next event, directly affecting Beethoven, before the suit with his sister-in-law was quite over, and requiring to be recorded here, is the death of Prince Kinsky, whose heirs refused to pay the stipulated portion of the pension granted in 1809. The matter was accordingly brought into court, and Beethoven was more fortunate in this instance than he had been with regard to the share of Prince Lobkowitz. He recovered rather more than 300 florins, so that, with the 600 contributed by the Archduke Rudolph, he received thenceforward a yearly pension of 900 florins (about 600 rix-dollars), which he enjoyed without further diminution as long as he lived.*

* It was only three years before his death that Mozart obtained an allowance of 800 florins, which was paid out

The nomination of his most illustrious pupil, the Archduke just mentioned, whom he had raised to a high degree of proficiency, and who was the only one of his scholars that Beethoven had at the same time instructed in the theory of harmony—the nomination of this accomplished prince to be Archbishop of Olmütz, brought back our master to that branch of music which is the most sublime and likewise the most difficult, and for which, together with the Symphony, he had the greatest predilection, as he frequently declared. He resolved, namely, to write a grand Mass for the installation of the Archduke in his archiepiscopal see, which was fixed for the 9th of March, 1820. It was in the winter of 1818–19, that he set about this new work; the first movement of which, how-

of the privy purse of the Emperor Joseph, whose favourite he moreover was. We see how nearly alike were the fortunes of those two great geniuses in this particular.

ever, was of such vast dimensions, that it was impossible to calculate what time it would take to complete the work upon the same scale. It is necessary here to observe that, in those years, Beethoven, in spite of the troubles which he had undergone, enjoyed excellent health. At the very commencement of this new labour, he seemed to be quite a different man. The change was more particularly noticed by his earlier friends; and I must confess that, never, before or since that time, have I seen Beethoven in such a state of absolute abstraction from the world as was the case, more especially in the year 1819. Nay, were I not already past the age of forty, and had to judge of that state of mind and soul of my noble friend with the understanding of a youth of twenty, I should have many anecdotes of that remarkable period to relate, as another has done of earlier years, but which, after all, are but anecdotes, and

ought no more to have been brought before a public forum than the table-talk of Martin Luther should have been.*

In the year 1819, while engaged in the composition of his second Mass, Beethoven was truly the boisterous, heaven-storming giant, and more particularly in the autumn, when he wrote the *Credo*, with the exceedingly difficult fugue. He lived at that time at Mödling, in the Hafner House, as it is called, where I paid him frequent visits, and witnessed most extraordinary incidents, many of them arising from the mismanagement of his domestic affairs: for he had continued to keep house ever since 1816, though his nephew was at an academy, and he, of course, quite alone.

* This axiom, which may no doubt find numerous champions to defend it, is not one that I could subscribe to; and I hope the reader may not consider the selection of anecdotes from Seyfried, Ries, and Wegeler, which I have made in Supplement Nos. IV. & V., Vol. II., an unwelcome addition to M. Schindler's work.—Ed.

To enable the reader to form a clear conception of his domestic life at that period, and thence to draw the conclusion under what a yoke, imposed in a great measure by himself, this man sighed and suffered, and in what a state of constant irritation his temper was kept by it, I need but lay before him a short extract from his journal, which, for a period of several years, I possess in his own hand-writing.

" 1819.

" 31st January. Given warning to the housekeeper.

15th February. The kitchen-maid came.

8th March. The kitchen-maid gave a fortnight's warning.

22nd of this month, the new housekeeper came.

12th May. Arrived at Mödling.

Miser et pauper sum.

14th May. The housemaid came; to have six florins per month.

20th July. Given warning to the housekeeper.

1820.

17th April. The kitchen-maid came. A bad day. (This means that he had nothing to eat, because all the victuals were spoiled through long waiting.)

16th May. Given warning to the kitchen-maid.

19th. The kitchen-maid left.

30th. The woman came.

1st July. The kitchen-maid arrived.

28th. At night, the kitchen-maid ran away.

30th. The woman from Unter-Döbling came.

The four bad days, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th August. Dined at Lerchenfeld.

28th. The woman's month expires.

6th September. The girl came.

22nd October. The girl left.

12th December. The kitchen-maid came.

18th. Given warning to the kitchen-maid.

27th. The new housemaid came."

But enough of this lamentable spectacle of domestic confusion!—and enough too of matter for incessant vexation for the master of a house, who concerns or is obliged to concern himself about such details. But such was Beethoven's domestic state, with very little alteration, till his death. The impossibility of making himself understood by his servants was the principal cause of the incessant changes, by which, it is true, nothing whatever was gained.

Let us now turn from the prosaic to the poetical side of his life.

At the time when the Archduke Rudolph was preparing for his journey to Olmütz,

the Mass destined for the ceremony of his installation was scarcely one third finished; which, taking into account the time usually occupied by him in correcting each of his great works, was as much as to say that the first movement was not yet completed. And to state here at once when Beethoven gave the last finish to this his greatest work, I may add that it was not till the summer of 1822 at Baden (near Vienna), after he had been labouring more than three years at this gigantic performance. Thus the mass was finished only two years too late for its original destination.

In the winter months of 1821–22, Beethoven wrote the three piano-forte Sonatas, Op. 109, 110, and 111. The Grand Sonata in B major, Op. 106, he wrote during the suit with his sister-in-law. In the summer of 1819, just at the time when he was engaged in the composition of the *Credo*, he complied also with the urgent

solicitations of a musical society consisting of seven members, who were then accustomed to play at the tavern balls, in the Briel, near Mödling, and composed some Waltzes for them, and even wrote out the parts. On account of the striking contrast displayed by that genius, which could move at one and the same time in the highest regions of musical poetry and in the ball-room, I made inquiry some years afterwards, when the master had once mentioned the circumstance, after this light-winged progeny; but the society in question was then broken up, and thus my search proved fruitless. Beethoven, too, had lost the score of these Waltzes. While he was engaged in the composition of the grand mass, I do not recollect his having written anything further than a few numbers of Bagatelles. Mr. P., the publisher of Leipzig, for whom they were destined, wrote to him after he had received them,

intimating that he did not consider them worth the price agreed upon (ten ducats, I believe), and added the remark, that Beethoven ought to deem it beneath him to waste his time on trifles such as anybody might produce. Would that Mr. P. could have witnessed the effect of this well-meant lecture on the outrageous composer! It was, nevertheless, a salutary lecture, and came just at the right time, for the great master took pleasure in such relaxations of his powers (which at that time, it is true, he needed), and had written many more Bagatelles of the same kind. *Dormitat aliquando Homerus.*

From the foregoing particulars the reader may infer that the price of the four last-mentioned Sonatas and his pension constituted the whole of Beethoven's income from the year 1818 to 1822, just at a time when he had a considerable annual sum to pay for the education of his

nephew, and when the preceding years of dearth had an injurious influence upon him. The state of his finances may be more clearly seen from the letters addressed to M. Ries, which, however (especially those written in 1819 and 1820), ought not to have been exposed to the public eye, but should have been suppressed by his friends Wegeler and Ries;* for the tenor of those letters would lead one to suppose either that Beethoven was almost starving, or that, like the modern composers, he had written notes solely for money.† This, however, was not the case, though it is a fact that his income during that period was far from covering his expenses. It was not until 1825 that the

* At the solicitation of M. Ries, I informed him, in 1833, of the cause of the evidently exaggerated complaints made in those letters: he ought of course to have felt the more scrupulous in publishing them.

† As these letters *have* already met the public eye elsewhere, they could not here be withheld, and will be found in the Supplement No. I., Vol. II.—Ed.

Mass was sold to a publisher. It was consequently in the years 1820 and 1821 that Beethoven suffered real want, as he was determined not to add any new debts to those which he had previously incurred. And yet, if the truth must be told, the privations which he suffered were voluntary; for he was in possession of some bank shares, which might have placed him above any want, if he had chosen to dispose of them. When, therefore, we hear that those four days marked in his Journal for 1820 as "bad days" were such, when, quite destitute of money, he was obliged to make his dinner of a few biscuits and a glass of beer, as I have heard from his own lips, I, for my part, am disposed to seek in that fact the origin of his subsequent parsimony, which served only to enrich an unworthy laughing heir; but more upon this subject in the proper place.

Of the year 1821 there is nothing particular to relate excepting an anecdote characteristic of his household system: it went on in its usual way. In the spring of that year, he again removed with bag and baggage to Döbling. On arranging his musical matters there, he missed the score of the first movement (*Kyrie*) of his grand Mass. All search for it proved vain, and Beethoven was irritated to the highest degree at the loss, which was irreparable; when lo! several days afterwards the whole Kyrie was found, but in what condition! The large sheets, which looked just like waste paper, seemed to the old housekeeper the very thing for wrapping up boots, shoes, and kitchen utensils, for which purpose she had torn most of them in half. When Beethoven saw the treatment to which this production of his genius had been subjected, he could not refrain from laughing at this droll scene,

after a short gust of passion, and after the sheets had been cleaned from all the soils contracted in such unseemly company.

The 3rd of October, 1822—the name-day* of the Emperor Francis—was fixed for the opening of the new theatre in the Josephstadt, on which occasion the music to *Die Ruinen von Athen*, (The Ruins of Athens)† which Beethoven wrote in 1812, for the opening of the new theatre in Pesth, with a new text adapted to time and place, by Carl Meisel, several new pieces, and a new Overture, was to be performed.

In the month of July, Beethoven set about this new work; but that summer, which he passed in Baden, was remarkably hot, and therefore, he liked to seek the shade of the neighbouring woods, rather

* The Saint's day, which, in Catholic countries, is celebrated like the birthday.—ED.

† By Aug. von Kotzebue.

than to swelter in the house. It was not till the hottest part of the season was over, and then the day fixed for the opening was not far distant, that he fell to work in good earnest; and I recollect well, that the ballet-master was put to a pinch about a new composed chorus with a dance. He was in urgent want of the music for rehearsal, but Beethoven would not part with it, because he had not done filing and polishing. Thus it was not till the afternoon of the day when the first performance was to take place, that the orchestra, collected at random from all quarters, received the extremely difficult Overture in C major, with the double fugue, and that, moreover, with a thousand metrical errors. On the evening of the solemn opening, when, for want of the necessary rehearsals, not a single member of the orchestra was acquainted with his part, Beethoven was seated at the piano, having at his side the

music-director Franz Gläser, as assistant-conductor, and I, escaping from my office, led the orchestra. This, as it were, extempore solemnization, might justly be pronounced a total failure, as far as the music was concerned; and it was not till the next day that all the orchestral parts were corrected and studied. Beethoven, indeed, perceived the vacillation on the stage and in the orchestra, but was not sensible that he was the principal cause of it, through his intent listening and retarding the time.

On New-Year's day, 1823, Beethoven, his nephew, and myself were seated at dinner, when a New-Year's card was brought from his brother, who lived in the next house, signed "Johann van Beethoven, landowner" (*Gutsbesitzer*); Beethoven immediately wrote on the back of it, "Ludwig van Beethoven, brainowner" (*Hirnbesitzer*), and sent it back forthwith to the

landowner. It was only a few days before this whimsical circumstance, that this brother braggingly told our master, that he would never be worth so much as he (Johann van Beethoven) was.* It may easily be conceived that our Beethoven was mightily amused by this boast.

During this winter (1823), Beethoven carried into effect the resolution which he had long before formed, of offering the new Mass, in manuscript, to the European courts, great and small, for the sum of fifty ducats—a business which he left entirely to my management, which was attended with innumerable formalities and difficulties, and required great patience. In his invitation to the subscription, Beethoven declared this work to be his "great-

* Johann van Beethoven had been an apothecary, and was originally supplied with the means of establishing himself by his brother Ludwig. Having amassed considerable wealth, he relinquished business, and became a landed proprietor.

est" and his "best." And, in that addressed to the King of France, he called it "œuvre le plus accompli." Only four sovereigns, namely, the Emperor of Russia, and the Kings of Prussia, Saxony, and France, accepted the offer.* Prince Anton von Radziwill, governor of Posen, subscribed for the fifth copy, and M. Schelble, on behalf of his Cecilia club, at Frankfort on the Mayn, for the sixth and last.† The first of the sovereigns who subscribed was his majesty the King of Prussia.

A characteristic anecdote is connected with the notification made on this subject, through his majesty's ambassador. Whether the Prussian ambassador, the Prince von Hatzfeld, had instructions from Ber-

* Beethoven made no offer to the Austrian court, but he did to Prince Esterhazy, who, however, declined it.

† Consequently not ten or twelve copies, which Beethoven is said to have sold in the way of subscription before the work was printed, as M. Seyfried erroneously states in his biographical particulars of him.

lin, or whether he wished, from his own impulse, to see Beethoven decorated with a Prussian order, I never knew; but it is a fact, that the Prince commissioned the director of chancery, Hofrath W., to ask Beethoven whether he might not be disposed to prefer a royal order to the fifty ducats; in which case he would transmit his wish to Berlin. Beethoven, without a moment's consideration, replied with great emphasis—"Fifty ducats!" A striking proof how lightly he prized insignia of honour or distinctions in general. Offers of this sort he would have invariably declined, proceed from what quarter soever they might. Without despising the well-merited decoration of an order on the breast of this or that artist of his time, he never envied any man that distinction, but frequently lashed unmercifully one or the other of his contemporaries for their "longing and snapping after ribands,"

which, according to his notions, were gained only at the expense of the truth and the sacredness of art.

This is the proper place to state that Beethoven applied among others to Göthe, relative to the affair of the subscription to the Mass, soliciting his recommendation of it to the Grand-Duke of Weimar; but Göthe had already forgotten our Beethoven, for he did not even deign to answer him, and Beethoven felt extremely mortified. This was the first and the last time that Beethoven ever asked a favour of Göthe. In like manner, his letter on the same subject, in his own hand-writing, to the King of Sweden, remained unanswered. This correspondence, however, carried back Beethoven's remembrance to the time when the King of Sweden, as General Bernadotte, was ambassador of the French republic at Vienna; and he distinctly recollected that it was really Bernadotte who

awakened in him the first idea of the *Sinfonia eroica.*

The King of France, Louis XVIII., acknowledged the transmissio nof this Mass from Beethoven by sending him a heavy gold medal, with his portrait, and on the reverse the inscription, " Donné par le Roi à Monsieur Beethoven," which royal present was the more gratifying to him because he conceived that he was indebted for it to the influence of Cherubini with his Majesty, which he had previously solicited. I subjoin this certainly not uninteresting letter, copied from Beethoven's draft of it, which he sent from the country to me in the city, with instructions what to do with it.

" Most respected Sir,

" With great pleasure I seize the opportunity of approaching you in writing. In spirit I do so very often, as I prize your

works above all others of the theatrical class. The professional world, however, has to lament that, for a long time past, in our Germany at least, no new theatrical work of yours has made its appearance. Highly as your other works are estimated by competent judges, still it is a real loss to the art not to possess any new production of your genius for the stage. Genuine art is imperishable, and the genuine artist takes heartfelt delight in high productions of mind. Just so am I too transported whenever I hear a new work of yours, and take a greater interest in it than if it were my own; in short, I honour and love you. Did not my continual ill health prevent me from seeing you in Paris, with what extraordinary pleasure should I converse with you on musical subjects! Imagine not that, because I am going to ask a favour of you, this is merely the introduction to my request. I hope and am

convinced that you do not impute to me so mean a way of thinking.

"I have just completed a grand solemn Mass, and purpose sending it to the European courts, because I do not intend to publish it for the present. I have, therefore, despatched, through the French embassy here, an invitation to his Majesty the King of France to subscribe to this work, and am persuaded that the King will be sure to take it upon your recommendation. Ma situation critique demande que je ne fixe pas seulement comme ordinaire mes vœux au ciel; au contraire, il faut les fixer aussi en bas pour les nécessités de la vie.

"Be the fate of my request to you what it will, I shall never cease to love and to respect you, et vous resterez toujours celui de mes contemporains que je l'estime le plus. Si vous me voulez faire un estrême plaisir, c'était, si vous m'écrivez quelques

lignes, ce que me soulagera bien. L'art unit tout le monde,—how much more genuine artists! et peut-être vous me dignez aussi, de me mettre—to reckon me also among the number.

Avec le plus haut estime,

Votre ami et serviteur,

" BEETHOVEN."

A French translation of this letter was sent to Cherubini, but he returned no answer.

THIRD PERIOD.

TILL HIS DEATH IN 1827.

PART II.

Vindication of the Court of Austria from the charge of neglecting Beethoven—His quarrel with a Publisher at Vienna—Mortification arising from his Deafness —Wretched Lodging—Beethoven undertakes to write a new Opera, but is deterred by the prospect of coming in contact with German Singers—His ninth Symphony —Letter from the Archduke Rudolph—Italian Opera at Vienna—Flattering Memorial addressed to Beethoven—Concerts—His discourtesy to Vocal Performers —His credulity and hasty condemnation of his Friends—Is invited to visit England by the Philharmonic Society—Disgraceful conduct of Prince Nicholas von Galitzin—Severe illness—He sets aside a Fund as a Provision for his Nephew—Ingratitude and Misbehaviour of that Youth—Distressing circumstances in which he was involved by him—Beethoven's forlorn Situation—His last Illness—His letters to Moscheles—He is assisted by the Philharmonic Society—Total value of his Property—His Death—Post-mortem Examination.

THE court of Austria has very frequently been reproached by admirers of Beethoven's with having never done anything for him.

The charge is true: but, if we examine this point more closely, and search for the motives, we shall perhaps find some that may excuse the imperial court for this backwardness.

We have already shown in the second period, when treating of the *Sinfonia eroica*, what were Beethoven's political sentiments. There needs, then, no further explanation to enable the reader to draw the certain conclusion, that a man, in whose head so thoroughly republican a spirit had established itself, could not feel comfortable in the vicinity of a court, and that this would not do anything to serve him. This is quite enough to elucidate in the clearest manner Beethoven's position in regard to the imperial court. Had not the Archduke Rudolph cherished such an enthusiastic fondness for music, and had not his spirit harmonized so entirely with Beethoven's and with his whole nature, he would have

fled from him as he did from the whole court. The only exception was the Archduke Charles, the victor of Aspern, whom Beethoven always mentioned with veneration, as he knew to a certainty how well the illustrious hero could appreciate him; and this prince alone had admittance to his brother the Archduke Rudolph, when Beethoven was with him. This liberal patron of arts and artists, who united the purest humanity with the warmest attachment to his great instructor, probably adopted this precaution for the purpose of avoiding any collision with other members of the imperial family,* The excellent Count Moritz von

* It is evident from this how Beethoven felt and maintained his position in regard to the highest personages, and that he would not give up a single inch to them. This may serve, at the same time, to prove from what point of view he considered the world, and that in this particular he steadfastly adhered in practice to the immutable principle that dwelt within him (of which we have already treated in the first period), though by so doing he lost many material advantages.

Lichnowsky tried for a long time in vain to produce a change in Beethoven's sentiments on this point, till, in 1823, his efforts were, in some degree, successful. In the February of that year, this noble and indefatigable friend proposed to Count Moritz von Dietrichstein, at that time director of music to the court, that Beethoven should be commissioned to compose a Mass for His Majesty the Emperor, hoping by this expedient to bring the master nearer to the court, and, as it were, to reconcile it with him. Count von Dietrichstein, a profound connoisseur, immediately acceded to the suggestion, and I am enabled to communicate the results from the correspondence which took place between the two counts and Beethoven on the subject.

In a letter, dated the 23rd of February, from Count Dietrichstein to Count Lichnowsky, he writes, among other things, as follows:—

" Dear Friend,

" . . . I here send you also the score of a Mass, by Reutter, which Beethoven wished to see. It is true that His Majesty the Emperor is fond of this style; but Beethoven, if he writes a Mass, need not stick to that. Let him follow the impulse of his great genius, and merely attend to the following points:—Not to make the Mass too long or too difficult in the execution; —to let it be a Tutti-Mass, and in the vocal parts to introduce only short soprano and alto solos (for which I have two capital singing boys)—but neither tenor, nor bass, nor organ solos. As to the instruments, he may introduce a violin, or oboe, or clarinet solo, if he likes.

" His Majesty is very fond of fugues, when well executed, but not too long;— he Sanctus, with the Hosanna, as short as possible, in order not to delay the Transubstantiation; and, if I may venture to add,

on my own account, the Dona nobis pacem, connected with the Agnus Dei, without any particular break, and kept *soft*; which, in two Masses by Handel, (compiled from his Anthems)—in two Masses of Naumann's and the Abbé Stadler's—produces a particularly fine effect.

"Such are, briefly, according to my experience, the points to be observed; and I should congratulate myself, the court, and the art, if our great Beethoven would speedily set about the work."

Beethoven accepted this commission with pleasure. Accompanied by Count Lichnowsky, he called forthwith upon Count Dietrichstein, to confer more at large on the subject, and resolved to fall to work immediately; but this was all he did—not a step further could he be induced to stir. It was not any political crotchet that occasioned this stoppage. Frequent indisposition, a complaint of

the eyes, and an untoward circumstance of an unexpected nature, were the causes of his deferring this undertaking. It was, moreover, just in the next autumn that the ideas of the 9th Symphony began to haunt his brain; and thus it happened that he thought no more of the Mass for the Emperor.

The unpleasant circumstance just alluded to arose out of a dispute with a publishing-house at Vienna (not now in existence), which was attended with consequences disagreeable to Beethoven. This house had long entertained the plan of drawing our master so entirely into its interest, that he should bind himself by contract to make over to it exclusively all that he should in future write. At the same time, this firm proposed to enter jointly with him into the publication of his complete works; a proposal which, in my opinion, was most favourable for Beethoven,

and would very probably have been accepted, had it not been made dependent on the former plan. A formal scale (the original of which, with marginal remarks in Beethoven's own hand, is in my possession) was, in consequence, laid before him by the firm in question, in which every species of composition, from the Symphony and the Oratorio, down to the Song, was specified, together with the sum which it offered to pay for each. This tarif Beethoven was to sign. He consulted several persons on the subject, and, most of them having dissuaded him from entering into the engagement, he refused to place himself in a dependence so revolting to his whole nature. Why should no other publisher be allowed to adorn his shop with a work of Beethoven's, when the house in question already had so many of them? And why should the great master suffer his hands to be so tied as not to have the

chance of getting a larger sum for this or that work from some other quarter? And why, besides, desire to secure a monopoly of the productions of mind?

As then the above plan failed to lead to the wished-for result, the other connected with it, relative to the publication of the collected works, likewise fell to the ground. The firm, in consequence, demanded of Beethoven the speedy repayment of the sum of eight hundred florins, advanced to him just at a time when he was in a very necessitous state, as not a single copy of the new Mass had yet found a subscriber. Highly indignant at the unfeeling conduct of a man who called himself his friend, and whose business had been for a long period so much indebted to Beethoven, our master directed his friend Dr. Bach to serve that house with a counter-requisition, insisting on its publishing immediately the manuscripts which

had been for many years in its possession; namely—the first Overture to Fidelio—the Cantata *Der glorreiche Augenblick* (The Glorious Moment) — and several more; alleging, as a legal ground, that it was important to the mental as well as to the material interest of the author, that the productions of his mind should not be shut up for a series of years under lock and key. The other party replied—"We have bought and paid for those manuscripts, consequently they are our property, and we have a right to do what we please with them." Dr. Bach dissuaded Beethoven from carrying the affair into court, for he knew, from the suit with his sister-in-law, what a mischievous effect such judicial proceedings had upon his temper and his professional activity, both of which had already suffered in a high degree. He advised him to dispose of a bank share, in order to discharge the debt due to the

publisher; but it was not till after long resistance that Beethoven could be prevailed upon to comply.

I mention this circumstance, which was one of the most galling occurrences in the life of the great master, for the purpose of showing, at the same time, how highly he prized his artistical freedom and independence. On the other hand, we see his small savings again diminished in consequence of this incident. Shortly before, one share parted with to pay a debt due to a true friend; and now, another to satisfy the house in question—what trials for the temper of one struggling with continual indisposition and annoyance!

In the spring of 1823, Beethoven again took up his quarters in the pleasant village of Hetzendorf, where the Baron von Pronay assigned to him a suite of apartments in his beautiful villa. Supremely

happy as he felt, when, in the first days of his residence there, he explored the noble park, or overlooked the charming landscape from his windows; yet he soon took a dislike to the place, and for no other reason than because "the Baron, whenever he met him, was continually making too profound obeisances to him." On the 24th of August, he wrote to me that he could not stay there any longer, and requested me to be with him by five o'clock the following morning, to accompany him to Baden, and assist him to seek lodgings there. I did as he desired; and off he started, with bag and baggage, for Baden, though he had already paid for his lodgings at Hetzendorf for the whole of the summer. His English piano-forte, made by Broadwood, presented to him several years before by Ferdinand Ries, John Cramer, and Sir George Smart, accompanied him in all these peregrinations. At

the sale of Beethoven's effects, this instrument was purchased by the court-agent, von Spina, of Vienna, in whose possession it still remains.*

At that villa, in Hetzendorf, Beethoven wrote the *Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli,* Op. 120,—a work which amused him exceedingly. At first there were to be but six or seven Vari-

* Beethoven, whom I saw frequently about this time, lent me the instrument in question to perform upon at a concert which I gave on the 15th of December, 1823, at the Kärnthner-Thor theater, Vienna; my object being to display the difference between the effects producible on Viennese, and on English instruments, by playing on one of the former in the first, and upon Beethoven's piano in the second act. The latter was internally and externally in so bad a state, owing to frequent removals and severe treatment on the part of its owner, that I should not have been able to avail myself of it, had not M. Graf, the Imperial piano-forte maker, been kind enough to put it into perfect order. For this concert Beethoven also lent me his then MS. Overture in C, Op. 115, and gave me directions with respect to its performance, that I might be able to impart his views to the players at the rehearsal. It may not be uninteresting to add, that the present owner of the piano-forte alluded to, is about to consign it to my care for the purpose of disposing of it.—Ed.

ations, for which moderate number Diabelli offered him eighty ducats: but when he fell to work they soon increased to ten; presently to twenty; then to twenty-five; and still he could not stop. Diabelli, who was apprehensive of having too large a volume, when he heard of twenty-five Variations, was at last obliged to accept thirty-three Variations instead of seven, for his eighty ducats. It was about the same sum, that is to say eighty ducats, that Beethoven received for nearly every one of his last Sonatas.

On his return to Vienna, in the autumn of the same year, Beethoven received an invitation from the manager of the court opera-house to conduct his *Fidelio*, which, after a long interval, was again to be represented. The proofs of his unfitness for such a duty, on account of his almost total deafness, furnished by the opening of the Josephstadt theatre in the preceding year,

were still before his eyes. Nevertheless, nothing on earth could dissuade him from accepting this invitation: at his desire I accompanied him to the rehearsal. At the very first movement, the absolute impossibility of proceeding was apparent, for not only did he take the time, either much quicker or much slower than the singers and the orchestra had been accustomed to, but retarded them incessantly. Kapell-meister Umlauf set things to rights as long as it was practicable; but it was high time to tell poor Beethoven plainly—This will not do. But neither M. Duport, the manager, nor M. Umlauf, had the courage to say so; and when Beethoven perceived a certain embarrassment in every countenance, he motioned me to write down for him what it meant. In a few words I stated the cause, at the same time entreating him to desist, on which he immediately left the orchestra. The melan-

choly which seized him after this painful incident was not dispelled the whole day, and even at table he uttered not a single word.

Beethoven, after this event, applied repeatedly to the army-surgeon, Smetana, to relieve his complaint, and he actually put him for some time on a course of medicine; but the most impatient patient served the physic as he had always done before. He not unfrequently took in two doses the medicines destined for the whole day; or, he forgot them entirely, when his ideas lifted him above the material world and carried him into loftier regions. How difficult he was to manage in this particular was well known to every medical man who had attended him, and in former years even to von Vehring, physician to the staff, though he durst venture to assume a certain authority over him.

It was in this year that the Society of the Friends of Music of the Austrian Em-

pire in Vienna sent to our Beethoven the diploma of an honorary member of that society. It is right to observe that this society had already existed ten years, and during that time nominated many native and foreign professional men honorary members, for which reason Beethoven felt hurt that he had not been thought of before. He would, therefore, have sent back the diploma immediately, but suffered himself to be persuaded not to do so, and rather to take it in silence, without returning any answer to the society.

The diploma of honorary member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Stockholm had been previously transmitted to him in the autumn of 1822.

Upon the whole, the year 1823 was thronged with incidents in Beethoven's life, the number of which was increased by the following circumstance: — Beethoven was quartered, by means of his

brother Johann, in a dark lodging, fit at best for a shoemaker, and which, because it was cheap, was considered suitable for the "brainowner." But it was not this circumstance alone that made our master's life uncomfortable: in this lodging he had for his landlord a low-bred man, coarse in manners and disposition, who treated him with no more respect than if he had been a day-labourer. This was a miserable abode for Beethoven, who had been accustomed to something so very different; and the winter of 1822-23 might, owing to this fatal situation of the great composer, furnish plenty of matter for tales and humorous pieces. I know of but one cheering event which occurred while he was in that horrid den. In April, 1823, the Countess Schafgotsch, of Warmbrunn in Silesia, brought him his first Mass, with a new German text, written by M. Scholz, music-director at that place. We were just at din-

ner. Beethoven quickly opened the manuscript and ran over a few pages. When he came to *qui tollis*, the tears trickled from his eyes, and he was obliged to desist, saying with the deepest emotion, in reference to the inexpressibly beautiful text:— "Yes, that was precisely my feeling when I wrote this." This was the first and the last time that I saw him in tears. He was just about to send his second Mass to the same admirable writer, that he might adapt a German text to that also, when he received intelligence of his death; and I rejoiced exceedingly that I had been in time to inform that excellent man what an effect his work, which I still possess, had produced upon Beethoven.

In the first months of 1823 Beethoven was urged from various quarters to write an Opera, and the manager of the court opera-house was particularly desirous to have one of his composition. From Count

Brühl, intendant of the court theatre at Berlin also, Beethoven received a commission to write an Opera for that house *à tout prix*. Dozens of opera texts were now collected, but he disliked them all; for he proposed to take a subject from the Greek or Roman history, to which objections were made on the absurd ground that those subjects had been already exhausted, and were no longer modern. At last came M. Franz Grillparzer with his Melusina. The subject pleased Beethoven, only he wished to have certain passages altered, which Grillparzer readily consented to do.* The poet and the composer were agreed upon the principal points of the alterations, and we were rejoicing in the prospect of seeing upon our boards Mademoiselle Henriette Sontag, whom Beethoven proposed to keep particularly in his eye, in the character of Melusina. But how did Beethoven dis-

* See Supplement, No. V., Vol. I.

appoint us all! Annoyed by the recollection of what had happened with his *Fidelio*, he told no one that he had sent Grillparzer's manuscript to Count Brühl for his inspection. Of course we knew nothing about it till the Count's answer lay before us. The Count expressed himself much pleased with the poem, and merely remarked that there was a ballet performing at the court theatre of Berlin "which had a distant resemblance to Melusina." This observation, and the prospect of again coming into contact with German opera-singers, discouraged Beethoven to such a degree that he relinquished the idea of writing an Opera, and would not thenceforward listen to anything that might be said on the subject. I must, however, remark here that he was extremely delighted with the performances of the company then at the Italian Opera in Vienna,* to which belonged Lablache,

* He merely *saw* two representations, one of which

Donzelli, Rubini, Paccini, Ambrogi, Ciccimarra; and among the ladies, Fodor-Mainville, Dardanelli, Ekerlin, Sontag, and Ungher; and was so particularly struck with the inspired Caroline Ungher, that he determined to write an Italian opera for that select band of priests and priestesses of Thalia. This design would certainly have been carried into execution in the following year (to which this new work was deferred on account of the already projected ninth Symphony), had not a fatal north wind blown away this and many other fine schemes, which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter.

In November, 1823, Beethoven began to compose the ninth Symphony, for which he brought many sketches from the country

was the *Barber of Seville*, but without hearing a word of them. At his desire the score was sent to his lodgings, and after he had looked through it he made this curious remark:—"Rossini would have been a great composer if his master had oftener given him a sound flogging."

to town with him; and in February, 1824, this colossus was completed. It may not be uninteresting here to notice the way in which Beethoven contrived cleverly to introduce Schiller's song, "Freude, schöner Götterfunken," into the fourth movement of the symphony. At that time I was seldom from his side, and could therefore closely observe his struggles with this difficulty. The highly interesting sketches and materials for it, all of which I possess, likewise bear witness to them. One day, when I entered his room, he called out to me,—"I have it! I have it!" holding out to me his sketch-book, where I read these words, "Let us sing the immortal Schiller's song, 'Freude,'" &c., which introduction he afterwards altered to "Friends, not these tones!" This first idea will be found in the engraved fac-simile at the end of the Second Volume.

The recitative of the double-bass also

was not comprehended in his original plan, and was added when he changed the above-mentioned introductory movement; in consequence of which it was necessary to give a different form to almost all that preceded, as the fundamental sentiment of that device required. He had nearly the same process to go through with the melody in the first verse which the bass-solo has to sing. The sketch-book shows a fourfold alteration, and above each he wrote, according to his practice, "Meilleur," as may be seen in the engraved fac-simile, No. II.*

* I am so fortunate as to possess the original score of this work. Reminding Beethoven of the fate of the Kyrie in the grand Mass, and apprehensive that this score might also be used by his servants as waste paper for wrapping up boots and shoes, I asked him for it, and he gave it to me, attaching no higher value to such a gift than an ordinary sheet of paper. In the year 1823 his manuscripts fared precisely as they had done twenty years earlier, as M. Ries remarks (p. 113). All of them lay about in the utmost confusion, and any one that chose might take away what he pleased unmolested. May not this indifference towards the productions of

In this, as the proper place for it, I shall introduce a correct copy of an autograph letter from the Archduke Rudolph to Beethoven, which serves to show the friendly relations subsisting between master and scholar.

"*Vienna, July* 31*st*, 1823."

"Dear Beethoven,—I shall be back again in Vienna on the 5th of August, and shall stay there for some days. I hope that your health will then permit you to come to town. In the afternoon from four till seven I am generally at home.

"My brother-in-law, Prince Anton,* has already written to me that the King of Saxony is expecting your beautiful Mass.

"As for D****r, I have spoken about him to our most gracious Sovereign, as

his genius, the value of which, however, he well knew, be considered as the strongest proof that in his mind there was no trace of conceit, self-importance, or even egotism? In whom has the like ever been seen?

* Afterwards King of Saxony.

well as to Count Dietrichstein. Whether this recommendation may prove serviceable I cannot tell, as there will be a competition for that appointment, at which each of the candidates must furnish proofs of his abilities. I should be very glad if I could render a service to this clever man, whom I heard with pleasure playing the organ last Monday at Baden, and the more so, inasmuch as I am convinced that you would not recommend an unworthy person.

"I hope that you have written your Canon; and beg you, if your health would suffer by coming to town, not to exert yourself too early, out of attachment to me.*

"Your sincere Friend and Scholar,

"RUDOLPH."

* The kind Archduke was needlessly concerned. When Beethoven was quite well, he went in general only with great reluctance to his illustrious patron and scholar; nay, he was ill in imagination whenever he heard that the Archduke was coming to town. He was accustomed to call the giving of lessons in this case "court-service," and what ideas he connected with that term it

is easy to guess. On the other hand, his dislike to give systematic instruction made matters still worse. We discover in all this the very same "ill-tempered donkey," as at the time when he lived at Bonn. Then again the lessons of this Archduke required preparation on the part of the instructor, and also some regard to the toilet;* hence it was so hard a task for him to go to the Imperial palace, but one above which, in this case, he could not set himself.

* Any restraint experienced by Beethoven in his intercourse with the Archduke can only have originated in his own aversion to giving lessons. Nothing could be generally more urbane or less ceremonious in the matter of exactions as to toilet, than was this distinguished patron of music. I may be permitted, perhaps, to recall a personal instance of this: on waiting upon the Archduke for the purpose of presenting him with a copy of the Duet in E flat (Op. 47), which I had the honour of dedicating to him, I found him, to my surprise, in his ecclesiastical Cardinal's robes, in which I had never, till then, seen him. His usual affability of manner, however, remained unchanged. He took up the copy with eagerness, and, hardly allowing himself time to glance over it, said, "Let us try it." This was done as soon as said. I knew not whether most to admire the clever manner in which he played this composition at sight, or at the disparity of the persons engaged in its execution—not in rank only, but in costume; for it was impossible, as often as my eye glanced downwards towards the pedal, not to be struck by the sight of his red stockings side by side with my black ones.—Ed.

SUPPLEMENT

TO VOLUME I.

SUPPLEMENT TO VOL. I.

No. I.

*Letters from Beethoven to Kappellmeister Hofmeister and C. F. Peters, Music Publishers, relative to the Sale of some of his Compositions.**

THE many attacks which have recently been made on the copyright of works by L. van Beethoven, which are my property, induce me to give a list of the compositions purchased from that author, which are the legitimate property of my house; namely:—

Concerto pour le Piano-forte avec Orch. Op. 19
Septuor pour Violon., Alto, Clar., Cor., Basson, Violoncelle, et Contrebasse - „ 20
Première gr. Sinfonie pour Orchestre - „ 21
Gr. Sonate pour le Piano-forte - - „ 22

* These letters are addressed to the Kappellmeister Hofmeister, who, under the firm of Hofmeister and Kühnel, Bureau de Musique, commenced the correspondence in the year 1800 with his friend Beethoven. That firm afterwards changed its designation, though retaining all its copyrights, to A. Kühnel, Bureau de Musique: the business was next transferred, with the same proviso, to C. F. Peters, of whose heirs it was purchased by me in 1828, likewise with all the copyrights.—*C. G. S. Böhme.*

Deux Préludes dans tous les 12 tons majeurs pour le Piano-forte ou l'Orgue Op. 39
Romance pour Violon avec Orchestre „ 40
Sérénade pour le Pfte. et Flûte (ou Violon) - - - - - - - - „ 41
Notturno pour Pianof. et Alto - - „ 42
Ouverture de Prometheus, pour Orchestre „ 43
Quatorze Variations pour le Piano, Vln., et Violoncelle - - - - - - „ 44

Respecting the works Op. 20 and 21, which have lately been invaded without my consent, by arrangements by other hands, I find myself obliged to communicate the letters written on the subject by Beethoven in the years 1800 and 1801, which incontestably prove on the one hand my exclusive property in these compositions, (as also in Op. 19 and 22,) and furnish, on the other, a highly interesting illustration of the individuality of the great composer, then in the flower of his age. I keep back the evidence in regard to the other six works, Op. 39-44, till a similar attack, which I hope will not occur, shall be made upon them.

C. G. S. Böhme,
of the firm of C. F. Peters, Bureau de Musique.

Neue Zeitschrift für-Musik, Leipsic, March 7, 1837.

Letters from Beethoven.

1.

Vienna, December 15, 1800.

My dearest Brother in the Art,

I have many times thought of answering your inquiries, but am a dreadfully lazy correspondent; and thus I am an age making up my mind to form the dead letter instead of the musical note; but at length I have done violence to myself in order to comply with your request.

Pro primo, you are to hear of my regret, dearest brother in the art, at your not having applied to me sooner, so that you might have purchased my Quartetts, as well as many other things which I have now disposed of; but if you, my good brother, are as conscientious as many other honest engravers, who sting* us poor composers to death, you will know how to make a profit by them when they come out.

I will therefore briefly state what my good brother may have of me.

1stly. A Septett per il Violino, Viola, Violon-

* The German word *stechen* signifies both to engrave and to sting: hence arises in the original a pun which cannot possibly be conveyed in the translation.

cello, Contrabasso, Clarinetto, Corno, Fagotto—tutti obligati (I cannot write anything inobligato, because I came into the world with an obligato accompaniment). This Septett has been highly approved.

2ndly. A Grand Symphony for the orchestra.

3rdly. A Concerto for the Piano-forte, which, it is true, I do not assert to be one of my best, any more than another, which will be published here by Mollo (a hint for the Leipzig reviewers), since I reserve the better ones for my own use, in case I should make a musical tour; yet it would not disgrace you to publish it.

4thly. A Grand Solo Sonata.

This is all that I have to part with at this moment. By and by you may have a Quintett for stringed instruments, perhaps Quartetts too, and other things which I have not by me just now. In your answer you may fix your own prices; and as you are neither a Jew nor an Italian, and as I do not belong to either nation, we shall not disagree.

Fare you well, my dearest brother, and be assured of the esteem of

Your brother,

L. v. Beethoven.

2.

Vienna, the 15th (or some such day) of January, 1801.

I have read your letter, my dearest brother and friend, with great pleasure. I thank you heartily for the good opinion which you have formed of me and of my works, and sincerely wish that I may deserve it; and to M. K. (Kühnel) also I am in duty bound to express my thanks for the civility and friendship which he has shown me. Your doings give me much satisfaction, and I hope that, if there be any good to be gained for the art by my works, it may fall to the share of a genuine artist like you, and not to that of common traders.

Your intention to publish the works of Sebastian Bach is particularly gratifying to me, since I am all alive to the merits of those sublime productions: truly, Bach was the patriarch of harmony. May the sale of his works flourish! As soon as golden peace is proclaimed and you receive the names of subscribers, I hope to be able to do much to forward it myself.

As to our own affairs, since you will have it so, I offer you the following things:—Septett (about which I have already written to you), 20 duc.;* Symphony, 20 duc.; Concerto, 10

* A ducat is about ten shillings English money.—Ed.

duc.; Grand Solo—Sonata, Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Rondo, 20 duc. This Sonata (in B flat) is of the true mettle, most beloved brother.

Now let me explain. You will perhaps be surprised that I make no difference between the Sonata, the Septett, and the Symphony, because I find that a Septett or a Symphony has not so large a sale as a Sonata; that is the reason why I do so, though a Symphony is incontestably of greater value. (N. B. The Septett consists of a short introductory Adagio, an Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Andante with variations, Minuetto, another short Adagio leading to a Presto.) The Concerto I set down at 10 duc., because, though well written, I do not consider it one of my best. Altogether, I cannot think that this will appear exorbitant to you; at any rate, I have endeavoured to make the charges as moderate as possible. As for the bill, since you leave it to my option, let it be drawn on Geimüller or Schüller. The whole sum, then, for all four works would be 70 ducats. I understand no other coin than Vienna ducats; how many dollars in gold that makes with you I know nothing about, because I am really no man of business or accountant.

And thus the tiresome business is settled: I call it so, because I heartily wish one could do

without it in this world. There ought to be but one magazine of art, where the artist should have but to deliver his productions and to receive what he wants; but, as it is, one ought to be half a tradesman, and how is that to be borne?—Gracious God!—that is what I call tiresome. As for the L—— O——, let her talk; they will certainly not make anybody immortal by their tattle, nor will they rob *him* of immortality to whom Apollo has assigned it.

Now may Heaven preserve you and your colleague! I have been unwell for some time, so that I find it rather difficult to write even notes, much more letters. I hope we shall often have occasion to assure one another how much you are my friends, and how much I am

Your brother and friend,

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

A speedy answer. Adieu.

3.

Vienna, April 22, 1801.

You have reason to complain of me, and not a little. My excuse is this: I have been ill, and had besides a great deal to do, so that it was scarcely possible for me to think of what I had to send you: then again perhaps the only thing

like genius about me is, that my things are not always in the best order, and yet nobody is capable of putting them to rights but myself. Thus, for instance, I had, according to my practice, omitted writing the pianoforte part in the score of my Concerto, and I have but just written it, and therefore, for the sake of dispatch, I send it in my own not over-and-above legible Manuscript.

In order to let the works follow as nearly as possible in their proper order, I remark to you that you may put

To the	Solo Sonata - -	Op. 22
„	Symphony - -	„ 21
„	Septett - - -	„ 20
„	Concerto - - -	„ 19

The titles I will send you very soon.

Set me down as a subscriber to Johann Sebastian Bach's works, and also Prince Lichnowsky. The arrangement of Mozart's Sonatas as Quartetts will do you credit, and assuredly be profitable. I wish I could be of more service in such matters, but I am an irregular man, and, with the best will, forget everything; but I have here and there mentioned the subject, and find that the plan is everywhere approved. It would be a capital thing if my good brother, besides

publishing the Septett as it is, would arrange it for the flute also as a Quintett. This would be a treat for the lovers of the flute, who have already applied to me for this, and who would then swarm about it like insects, and feast upon it. As for myself, I have composed a ballet, but the ballet-master did not manage the business well. Prince L—— has given us a new production, which does not come up to the ideas which the papers gave us of his genius—a fresh proof of their judgment. The Prince seems to have taken Mr. M——* of the Kasperle Theatre for his model, but without equalling even him.

Such are the pretty prospects with which we poor fellows here have to fight our way in the world.

My dear brother, now make haste to lay the works before the eyes of the world, and write to me soon, that I may know whether I have lost your confidence by my neglect.

To your partner Kühnel everything civil and kind. In future, you shall have everything without delay; and herewith fare you well, and continue to regard

Your friend and brother,

BEETHOVEN.

* Wenzel Müller.

4.

Vienna, June, 1801.

I am really somewhat surprised at the communication made to me by your agent in this place; nay, I am almost angry that you should think me capable of such a scurvy trick.

It would be a different thing if I had bargained for my things with shopkeepers intent only on gain, and had then clandestinely made another good speculation; but between artist and artist, it is rather too bad to impute such conduct to me. The whole appears to me to be either an invention to try me, or mere conjecture: at any rate, I confess, that before you received the Septett from me, I had sent it to London to M. Salomon (merely out of friendship, to be performed at his concert), expressly desiring him to take care not to let it get into other hands, as I meant to have it engraved in Germany; and you can make inquiry of him concerning this matter, if you think fit.

But, to give you a further proof of my honesty, I hereby assure you that I have not sold the Septett, the Concerto, the Symphony, and the Sonata, to any other person in the world but to you, Messrs. Hofmeister and Kühnel, and that

you may formally consider them as your exclusive property, for which I pledge my honour. At any rate, you may make what use you please of this assurance.

For the rest, I can no more believe that Salomon is capable of so base a trick as to publish the Septett than I am to have sold it to him. I am so conscientious that I have refused several publishers the piano-forte arrangement of the Septett, for which they have applied to me,* and yet I do not even know whether you intend to make use of it in this manner.

Here follow the long-promised titles of my works.

In the titles there will be much to alter and improve: that I leave to you. I expect a letter from you immediately, and very soon the works, which I wish to see engraved, since others are already published and coming out with numbers relating to these.

I have written to Salomon; but considering your statement as a mere rumour which you

* It is remarkable that Beethoven, even at that time, should manifest in these lines so correct a notion of musical copyright. Though no man of business, he perceived that the purchaser of the original melody must at the same time have a right of property of all arrangements, if copyright is to be maintained inviolate.

have taken up rather too credulously, or as a conjecture which may have forced itself upon you, because you may accidentally have heard that I had sent it to Salomon, it only remains for me to add that I feel somewhat chilled towards friends so easy of belief, and as such sign myself,

Your friend,

L. v. BEETHOVEN.

5.

Vienna, April 8, 1802.

Does the devil then ride you all together, gentlemen, to propose to me to make such a Sonata?

During the revolutionary fever, well and good, such a thing might have been done; but now, when everything is getting into the old track, when Buonaparte has concluded a concordat with the Pope—such a Sonata!

Were it a Missa pro Sancta Maria, a tre voci, or a Vesper, why then I would immediately take up the pencil, and write in huge semi-breves a Credo in unum; but, gracious God! such a Sonata in these new-fangled Christian times! Ho ho! leave me alone—that won't do.

Now my answer in the quickest *tempo*, The lady can have a Sonata by me, and I will follow her general design as far as æsthetic goes, but without following the prescribed keys, price five ducats, for which she shall have the use of it a year, and in that time neither she nor I shall have the right to publish it. After the expiration of this year, the Sonata is again mine—that is, I can and will publish it; and she can certainly, if she thinks that it will be any honour, request me to dedicate it to her.

Now God preserve you, gentlemen.

My Sonata is beautifully engraved, but it has been a confounded long while a-doing. Do send my Septett a little quicker into the world, because the P—— is waiting for it, and you know the Empress has it; and—so that I cannot answer for what may happen, therefore look sharp.

Mr. —— has lately republished my Quartetts, in large and small size, full of blunders and errata. They swarm in them like fish in water, that is, to infinity—questo è un piacere per un autore—that I call stinging* to some purpose.

* The same pun with the word *stechen* that has been remarked before.

My skin is covered with stings and scratches with these charming editions of my Quartetts.

Now farewell, and think of me as I do of you. Till death your faithful

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

6.

Vienna, September 22, 1803.

Hereby then I declare all the works about which you have written, as your property. Another copy shall be made of the list of them, and sent to you with my signature as your acknowledged property; and the offer of fifty ducats I accept. Are you satisfied now?

Perhaps, instead of the Variations with violoncello and violin, I can give you Variations on the piano-forte, for two performers, on a song by me, the poetry of which, by Göthe, must likewise be engraved, as I have written these Variations as a souvenir in an album, and consider them better than the others. Are you satisfied?

The arrangements* are not by me, but I have

* This alludes either to the "Italian and German Songs" (four numbers) published by me, or the "Italian and German Ariettes," Op. 82.

revised and improved them in part, so don't pretend to say that I have arranged, as that would be a lie, and I could not find either time or patience for such things. Are you satisfied?

Now farewell. I can but wish you to thrive in every way. Gladly would I make you a present of the whole, if I could get through the world in that way; but only consider; all about me get appointments, and have something certain to live upon; but, gracious God! how can a parvum talentum com ego look for an appointment at the Imperial court?

Your friend,

L. v. BEETHOVEN.

The following are extracts from letters written at a later and less cheerful period of life, and addressed to M. C. F. Peters of Leipsic:—

7.

Vienna, July 26, 1822.

I write to you merely to say that you shall have the Mass,* together with a piano-forte ar-

* This probably means the Missa Solemnis (Op. 123), afterwards published by the brothers Schott; for that brought out by Breitkopf and Härtel (Op. 86) had appeared long before the date of this letter.

rangement, for the sum of 1000 florins, Vienna currency. By the end of July you shall receive it fairly copied in score, perhaps a few days later, as I am exceedingly busy, and have been, for five months, ailing: as one must go through works very carefully, if they are to go abroad, this is a matter that proceeds rather more slowly with me. —— shall in no case have anything more from me, as he has played me a Jewish trick; besides, he is not one of those to whom I would have sold the Mass. The competition for my works is at present very strong, for which I thank the Almighty, for I have lost a great deal.

I am moreover the foster-father of my brother's child, who is left wholly unprovided for. As this boy, now fifteen years old, shows a great capacity for the sciences, not only do his education and maintenance cost me a great deal of money at present, but I am obliged to think about the future, as we are neither Indians nor Cherokees, who, as you know, leave everything to God Almighty, and a pauper has but a melancholy existence of it.

I assure you, upon my honour, which, next to God, is the most sacred thing with me, that I have never asked any one to take commissions for me; I have always made it a particular point not

to offer myself to any publisher, not out of pride, but because I wished to know how far the territory of my humble talent extends. . . . .

I conclude for to-day, wishing you all prosperity, and am, with esteem,

Your most obedient,

L. v. BEETHOVEN.

8.

Vienna, August 3, 1822

I wrote to you lately about my health, which is not yet quite restored: I am obliged to take baths, mineral waters, and at times, medicine.

I am therefore rather at sixes and sevens, especially as I am obliged at the same time to write, and then corrections run away with time. In respect to the Songs, and the other Marches and trifles, I have not yet made up my mind as to the choice, but I shall be able to furnish everything by the 15th of this month. I wait your determination about it, and shall make no use of your bill. As soon as I know that the money for the Mass and for the other works is here, all can be supplied by the 15th instant; but after the 15th I must go to a neighbouring bathing-place; I am therefore desirous to have no engagements on my hands for a while.

About all other matters, some day when I am not so pressed. Only do not take an unhandsome advantage of me: it pains me when I am obliged to bargain.

In haste, with respect,

Your most obedient,

BEETHOVEN.

9.

Vienna, November 22, 1822.

In reply to your letter of the 9th of November, in which I fancied you meant to reproach me for my apparent neglect—and the money paid too, and yet nothing sent to you—unhandsome as this seems, I am sure you would be reconciled with me in a few minutes if we were together.

Your things are all done, except the selection of the Songs: they contain one more than was agreed upon.

Of Bagatelles I can send you more than the four determined upon; there are nine or ten others, and, if you write immediately, I could send them, or as many as you wish to have, along with the other things.

My health is not indeed completely restored by my baths, but I am better upon the whole;

but another evil has now come upon me, since a person has taken me a lodging that does not suit me, and this is difficult to conquer, and has hindered me not a little, as I cannot yet get myself to rights here.

In regard to the Mass, the matter stands thus: I have one that has long been completely finished, but another that is not; tattle is what such as we are always liable to, and so you have been led into a mistake by it. Which of the two you should have, I know not yet; harassed on all sides, I should be forced almost to attest the contrary of the axiom—"The mind weighs nothing." I salute you cordially, and hope that the future will suffer an advantageous, and for me not dishonourable, connexion to subsist between us.

BEETHOVEN.

10.

Vienna, December 20, 1822.

Having a leisure moment, I answer your letter to-day. Out of all that belongs to you, there is nothing that is not ready; but precious time is wanting to explain all the details that have prevented the copying and sending.

I recollect to have offered you in my last letter some more Bagatelles, but do not insist on your

taking them; if you will not have more than the four, so be it—only in that case I must make a different choice. Mr. —— has not yet got anything from me. Mr. —— merely begged me to make him a present of the songs in the *Modezeitung* (Journal of Fashion), which I never composed exactly for pay, but it is impossible for me to deal in all cases by per cents.; it is difficult for me to reckon by them oftener than I am forced to do; besides, my situation is not so brilliant as you imagine.

It is impossible to give ear at once to all these solicitations; they are too numerous; but many things are not to be refused. Not always is that which people ask for suitable to the wish of the author. Had I anything in the shape of a salary, I would write nothing but grand Symphonies, Church Music, and besides, perhaps, Quartetts.

Of smaller works you might have—Variations for two oboes and one English horn on the theme in Don Giovanni, "La ci darem la mano;" a Minuet of Congratulation for a whole orchestra.* I should like to have your opinion too re-

* The compositions mentioned above by Beethoven have, as far as we know, never appeared in print, and were probably disposed of at the sale of his effects.

specting the publication of the collected works. In the greatest haste,

Your most obedient,

BEETHOVEN.

11.

Vienna, March 29, 1823.

It is only to-day that the other three Marches can be sent off; we missed the post this day week. Irregular as I have been with you on this occasion, it would not appear unnatural if you were here, and acquainted with my situation, a description of which would be too tedious for you as well as myself.

Respecting what has been sent off I have this remark yet to make: in the grand March, which requires so many performers, several regimental bands may unite; where this is not the case, and one regimental band is not strong enough, the Kapell-meister of such a band may easily help himself by the omission of some of the parts.

You will meet with some one in Leipzig who can show you how this can be managed with fewer performers, though I should be sorry if it were not to be published exactly as it stands.

I must beg you to forgive the many corrections in what you have received; my old copyist can-

not see, and the younger must first be trained; but at least the whole is free from errors.

With a violin and a piano-forte Quartett it is impossible to supply you immediately; but if you write to me betimes, in case you wish for both works, I will do all that lies in my power. Only I must add, that for a violin Quartett I cannot take less than fifty ducats; for a piano-forte Quartett seventy ducats, or I should be a loser; nay, I have been offered more than fifty ducats a-piece for violin Quartetts, but I never like to charge too high, and shall therefore expect no more than fifty ducats from you, which, in fact, is now the usual price. The other commission is really an extraordinary one, and I naturally accept that too, only I must beg you to let me know soon, if you wish to have it, otherwise, willingly as I give you the preference, it might become almost impossible. You know I have already written to you that precisely Quartetts have risen more in price than anything else; so that in the case of a great work this makes one quite ashamed of one's self. My circumstances, however, require that I should be more or less guided by profit. It is another affair with the work itself; there, thank God, I never think of profit, but only *how I write.*

There are two persons besides yourself who have each wished to have a Mass, since I intend to write at least three—the first has long been completed, the second is not, and the third is not yet begun. But in regard to you, I must have a certainty, that I may be insured against all events.

More another day; do not remit the money for the whole together till you receive advice from me that the work is ready to be sent off. I must conclude. I hope that your vexation is now at least somewhat abated.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

No. II.

LETTER ON THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF BEETHOVEN'S FIDELIO.

Hofrath Breuning to Dr. and Madame Wegeler.

Vienna, June 2, 1806.

Dear Sister and dear Wegeler,

* * * * * *

As far as I remember, I promised in my last letter to write to you about Beethoven's Opera Fidelio. I know how interested you are about it, and I will fulfil my promise. The music is among the finest and most perfect that can be heard; the subject interesting—for it represents the liberation of a captive through his faithful and intrepid wife; but, in spite of all this, no work has occasioned Beethoven more trouble than this, and posterity alone will know how to value it. In the first place, it was given at a most unfavourable period—seven days after the entry of the French troops. The theatres were necessarily empty; and Beethoven, who at the same time found fault with some arrangement in the libretto, withdrew it after the third repre-

sentation. Peace having been restored, he and I took it up again. I altered the whole of the libretto for him, which made it act better, less tiresomely, and quicker; and it was then given three times, with the greatest applause. Then his enemies about the theatre rose, and he, having given offence to many, particularly at the second representation, they have succeeded in preventing the further appearance of the work on the stage. Many difficulties had ere this been put in his way—one instance will suffice. He could not, at the second representation, obtain the reprinting of the bills with the altered title of Fidelio, so named in the French original, and published thus after the above-mentioned alterations.

Contrary to promise and expectation, the first title of "Leonora" was retained in the bills. Beethoven is the more hurt by this intrigue, as the non-performance of the opera, for which he is to be paid by a per centage at its production, throws him back considerably in his pecuniary arrangements, whilst the unworthy treatment has robbed him of so great a share of his zeal and love for the work that he will recover himself but slowly. I think I have on this occasion given him the most pleasure by writing and distributing in

the theatre some lines on the opera, both in November, and at the production about the end of March. I will copy them here for Wegeler, knowing of old that he sets much value upon these things; and, having once made verses to celebrate his becoming Rector magnificus celeberrimæ universitatis Bonnensis, he may now see by comparison whether I am improved as a poet.

(Here follow two German poems.)

This copy has tired me out so completely, that I may fairly close this long epistle. I must only tell you that Lichnowsky has just sent the opera to the Queen of Prussia, and that I hope the Viennese will learn the value of what they possess, from its production at Berlin.

BREUNING.

No. III.

Beethoven's Letters to Madame Bettine von Arnim.

[As I knew that my friend, Mr. H. F. Chorley, was in possession of copies of letters written by Beethoven to Madame Bettine von Arnim, I requested her permission to publish these highly-interesting documents, and received the following answer.—Ed.

Berlin, July 6, 1840.

Dear Mr. Moscheles,

You delight me beyond measure by asking me to consent to that, which of all earthly things I like best—namely, to be brought in contact with such of my cotemporaries as have become celebrated in literature and the fine arts. How happy, then, must I feel at becoming instrumental in the fulfilment of any wish of yours! Truly, there was no need of asking; I could not but feel honoured to be included in this memorial of Beethoven, and by a brother-spirit in the art too! I feel truly grateful that, while you are tracing the noblest features of Beethoven's

glorious career, you will commemorate the happiness bestowed upon me by the greatest genius of his time. Misplaced, indeed, were that modesty, which could forbid my appearing in such a noble place, and under such distinguished auspices, and I confess that you are doing me a kindness in publishing the letters in question. Could I but render you some service in return! And pray let Mr. Chorley have his share of my gratitude for having made such a happy use of my communication.

Yours, &c.

BETTINE ARNIM.

1.

BEETHOVEN TO MADAME VON ARNIM.

Vienna, August 11, 1810.

Dearest Bettine,

Never was a fairer spring than this year's; this I say, and feel too, as in it I made your acquaintance. You must indeed have yourself seen, that in society I was like a fish cast on the sand, that writhes and struggles and cannot escape, until some benevolent Galatea helps it back again into the mighty sea; in very truth I was fairly aground. Dearest Bettine, unexpectedly I met you, and at a moment when chagrin had completely overcome me; but truly your

aspect put it to flight; I was aware in an instant that you belohg to a totally different world from this absurd one, to which, even with the best wish to be tolerant, it is impossible to open one's ears. I am myself a poor creature, and yet complain of others! this you will however forgive, with the kindly heart that looks out from your eyes, and with the intelligence that dwells in your ears;—at least your ears know how to flatter when they listen. Mine, alas! are a barrier through which I can have hardly any friendly intercourse with mankind, else, perhaps, I might have acquired a still more entire confidence in you. As it was, I could only comprehend the full expressive glance of your eyes, and this has so moved me that I shall never forget it. Divine Bettine, dearest girl!—Art! who comprehends the meaning of this word? with whom may I speak of this great divinity? how I love the recollections of the few days when we used to chat with each other, or rather correspond. I have preserved every one of the little scraps of paper on which your intelligent, precious, most precious, replies were given—thus, at least, may I thank my worthless ears that the best portion of our fugitive discourse is retained in writing.

Since you went I have had many uncomfort-

able hours, in which the power to do anything is lost. After you had gone away, I rambled about for some three hours in the Museum at Schönbrunn; but no good angel met me there, to chide me into good humour, as an angel like you might have done. Forgive, sweetest Bettine, this transition from the fundamental key;—but I must have such intervals, to vent my feelings. And you have written of me to Göthe, have you not? saying that I would fain pack up my head in a cask, where I should see nothing, and hear nothing, of what passes in the world; since you, dearest angel, meet me here no longer. But surely I shall at least have a letter from you. Hope supports me; she is indeed the nursing mother of half the world, and she has been my close friend all my life long;—what would have become of me else? I send, with this, written in my own hand, "*Kennst du das Land?*" as a memorial of the time when I first became acquainted with you; also I send another, which I have composed since I took leave of you, dear, dearest heart!

"Heart, my heart, what change comes o'er thee?
What wrings thee thus with pain?
What a strange sour world 's before thee!
I know thee scarce again!"

Yes, dearest Bettine, answer me this question; write, and tell me what shall become of me since my heart has become such a rebel. Write to your truest friend,

BEETHOVEN.

2.

Vienna, Feb. 10, 1811.

My dear beloved Bettine!

I have now had two letters from you, and learn from your letter to Antonia that you continue to think, and indeed far too favourably, of me. Your first letter I carried about with me all the summer through, and it has often made me happy. Although I do not often write to you, and you may hear nothing from me, yet, in thought, I write to you a thousand thousands of letters. How you feel yourself in the presence of all this world's rubbish I could have fancied, even had I not read it in your letters—this haranguing and gossiping about art, without anything done! The best delineation of this that I know, is found in Schiller's poem "*Die Flüsse,*" where the Spree* is made to speak. You are going to be married, dear Bettine, or are married already, and I have not been able to see you

* The river which waters Berlin.

once more before this. May every blessing which marriage can bestow flow upon you and your husband! What can I say to you of myself? "Pity my fate!" I exclaim with poor Johanna*—if I can but obtain a few more years of life, I will still thank for this, as for all other weal and woe, the most High, the all-embracing Power. Whenever you write of me to Göthe, select any expression that you can use, so as to convey to him the most fully my profound respect and admiration. I am, however, purposing to write to him myself, concerning *Egmont*, which I have set to music; and this solely from love for his poetry, which makes me happy; but, indeed, who can be sufficiently grateful to a great poet, the most precious jewel that a nation can possess? And now I must end, dear, good Bettine. I returned this morning as late as four o'clock from a Bacchanalian revel, at which I was even made to laugh heartily, and for which I am now tempted to weep nearly as much. Uproarious mirth often has the effect of casting me violently back upon myself. I owe Clemens† many thanks for his attention; as respects the Cantata, the subject is not of suf-

* Göthe's poem "Johanna Sebus."

† Clemens Brentano, the poet, Bettine's brother.

ficient importance for us here; in Berlin it is a different matter: as regards our affection, his sister has so much of mine, that not much will remain for the brother's portion; will he be contented with this? And now farewell, my dear Bettine; I kiss you on the forehead, and therewith impress on it as with a seal all my thoughts for you! Write soon, write often, to your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

3.

Töplitz, — 1812.

Dearest, good Bettine,

Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy councillors, and bedeck them with titles and orders; but they cannot make great men—spirits that rise above the world's rubbish —these they must not attempt to create; and therefore must these be held in honour. When two such come together as I and Göthe, these great lords must note what it is that passes for greatness with such as we. Yesterday, as we were returning homewards, we met the whole Imperial family; we saw them coming at some distance, whereupon Göthe disengaged himself from my arm, in order that he might stand aside; in spite of all I could say, I could not

bring him a step forwards. I crushed my hat more furiously on my head, buttoned up my top coat, and walked with my arms folded behind me, right through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and officials made a lane for me: Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, the Empress saluted me the first:—*these great people know me!* It was the greatest fun in the world to me, to see the procession file past Göthe. He stood aside, with his hat off, bending his head down as low as possible. For this I afterwards called him over the coals properly and without mercy, and brought up against him all his sins, especially those against you, dearest Bettine! We had just been speaking of you. Good God! could I have lived with you for so long a time as *he* did, believe me I should have produced far, far more great works than I have! A musician is also a poet; a pair of eyes more suddenly transport him too into a fairer world, where mighty spirits meet and play with him, and give him weighty tasks to fulfil. What a variety of things came into my imagination when I first became acquainted with you, during that delicious May-shower in the Usser Observatory, and which to me also was a fertilising one! The most delightful themes stole from your image into my

heart, and they shall survive and still delight the world long after Beethoven has ceased to *direct*. If God bestows on me a year or two more of life, I must again see you, dearest, dear Bettine, for the voice within me, which always will be obeyed, says that I must. Love can exist between mind and mind, and I shall now be a wooer of yours. Your praise is dearer to me than all other in this world. I expressed to Göthe my opinion as to the manner in which praise affects those like us; and that by those that resemble us we desire to be heard with *understanding;* emotion belongs to women only (pardon me for saying it!): the effect of music on a man should be to strike fire from his soul. Oh, my dearest girl, how long have I known that we are of one mind in all things! the only good is to have near us some fair, pure spirit, which we can at all times rely upon, and before which no concealment is needed. *He who will* SEEM *to be somewhat must really be what he would seem.* The world must acknowledge him—it is not for ever unjust; although this concerns me in nowise, for I have a higher aim than this. I hope to find at Vienna a letter from you; write to me soon, very soon, and very fully. I shall be there in a week from hence. The court departs to-morrow; there is

another performance to-day. The Empress has thoroughly learned her part; the Archduke and the Emperor wished me to perform again some of my own music. I refused them both; they have both fallen in love with *Chinese porcelain.* This is a case for compassion only, as reason has lost its control; but I will not be piper to such absurd dancing—I will not be comrade in such absurd performances with the fine folks, who are ever sinning in that fashion. Adieu! adieu! dearest; your last letter lay all night on my heart and refreshed me. Musicians take all sorts of liberties! *Good Heaven! how I love you!*

Your truest friend, and deaf brother,

BEETHOVEN.

No. IV.

Letter of Madame Bettine von Arnim to Göthe.*

Vienna, May 28, 1810.

* * * * And now I am going to speak to you of one who made me forget all the world besides. The world vanishes when recollections spring up—indeed it vanishes. It is Beethoven who made it vanish before me, and of whom I would fain speak to you. It is true I am not of age, yet I would boldly assert that he has far outstepped our generation—too far perhaps to be come up with: (shall I be understood or believed in this assertion?) No matter. May he but live until the great and mighty problem of his mind has ripened into maturity; may he but attain his own noble aim, and he will carry us on to loftier regions, to bliss more perfect than is yet known to us. Let me own it to you, dear Göthe, I do believe in a spell—not of this world, the element of our spiritual nature; and it is this that Beethoven calls around us by his art. If you would understand him, you

* See Göthe's Correspondence with a Child.

must enter into his own magic circle; you must follow him to his exalted position, and occupy with him that high station which he alone can claim for a basis in this sublunary world. You will, I know, guess at my meaning, and extract truth from it. When could such a mind be reproduced?—when equalled? As to other men, their doings are but mechanical clock-work compared to his: he alone freely creates, and his creations are unthought of! What indeed could the intercourse with this world be to him, who before sunrise is at his holy work, who after sunset scarcely looks up from it, who forgets his bodily food, and, carried past the shallow banks of every-day life, is borne along the current of enthusiasm? He said himself, "When I lift up mine eyes I must sigh, for that which I behold is against my creed; and I must despise the world, because it knows not that music is a higher revelation than science or philosophy. Music is like wine, inflaming men's minds to new achievements, and I am the Bacchus serving it out to them, even unto intoxication. When they are sobered down again, they shall find themselves possessed of a spiritual draught such as shall remain with them even on dry land. I have no friend—I must live all to myself; yet

I know that God is nearer to me than to my brothers in the art. I hold converse with him, and fear not, for I have always known and understood him. Nor do I fear for my works: no evil can befal them; and whosoever shall understand them, he shall be freed from all such misery as burthens mankind."

All this did Beethoven say to me the first time I saw him. A feeling of reverence came over me as I heard him speak his mind with such unbounded frankness, and that to me, who must have been wholly insignificant to him; and I was perhaps the more struck with his openness, having often heard of his extreme reserve, and of his utter dislike to converse with any one. Thus it was that I could not get any one to introduce me to him, but I found him out alone. He has three sets of apartments in which he alternately secretes himself: one in the country, one in town, and a third on the ramparts (Bastei). It was there I found him in the third floor. I entered unannounced; he was seated at the piano; I gave my name; he was most friendly, and asked me if I would hear a song which he had just been composing; and sang, with a shrill and piercing voice that made the hearer thrill with woefulness, "Know'st thou

the land?" "Is it not beautiful?" said he, enthusiastically; "exquisitely beautiful! I will sing it again." He was pleased with my cheerful praise. "Most people are *moved* on hearing music, but these have not musicians' souls: true musicians are too *fiery* to weep." He then sang another song of yours, which he had lately been composing: "Dry not, ye tears of eternal love." He accompanied me home, and it was during our walk that he said all these fine things on the art—talking so loud all the while, and standing still so often, that it required some courage to listen to him in the street. He however spoke so passionately, and all that he uttered startled me to such a degree, as made me forget even the street. They were all not a little surprised at home on seeing me enter the room with him, in the midst of a large dinner-party. After dinner he sat down to the instrument and played, unasked, wonderfully, and at great length. His pride and his genius were working *that* out together which to any mind but his would have been inconceivable—to any fingers but his, impossible of execution.

He comes daily ever since—if not, I go to him; and thus I miss all sorts of gaieties, theatres, picture-galleries, and even the mount-

ing of St. Stephen's church-steeple. Beethoven says, "Never mind seeing these things: I shall call for you, and towards evening we shall walk together in the *Schönbrunn* avenues." Yesterday, as we were walking in a lovely garden, everything in full bloom, and the open hot-houses almost intoxicating one's senses with their perfumes, he suddenly stopped in the oppressive heat of the sun, saying, "Göthe's poems exercise a great sway over me, not only by their meaning, but by their rhythm also. It is a language that urges me on to composition, that builds up its own lofty standard, containing in itself all the mysteries of harmony, so that I have but to follow up the radiations of that centre from which melodies evolve spontaneously. I pursue them eagerly, overtake them, then again see them flying before me, vanish in the multitude of my impressions, until I seize them anew with increased vigour, no more to be parted from them. It is then that my transports give them every diversity of modulation; it is I who triumph over the first of these musical thoughts, and the shape I give it, I call symphony. Yes, Bettina, music is the link between intellectual and sensual life. Would I could speak to Göthe on this subject, to see

whether he could understand me! Melody gives a sensible existence to poetry; for does not the meaning of a poem become embodied in melody? Does not Mignon's song breathe all her feelings through its melody, and must not these very feelings be reproductive in their turn? The mind would embrace all thoughts, both high and low, and embody them into one stream of sensations, all sprung from simple melody, and without the aid of its charms doomed to die in oblivion. This is the unity which lives in my Symphonies—numberless streamlets meandering on, in endless variety of shape, but all diverging into one common bed. Thus it is I feel that there is an indefinite something, an eternal, an infinite, to be attained; and although I look upon my works with a foretaste of success, yet I cannot help wishing, like a child, to begin my task anew, at the very moment that my thundering appeal to my hearers seems to have forced my musical creed upon them, and thus to have exhausted the insatiable cravings of my soul after my 'beau ideal!'

"Speak of me to Göthe: tell him to hear my Symphonies, and he will agree with me that music alone ushers man into the portal of an intellectual world, ready to encompass *him*, but

which *he* may never encompass. *That* mind alone whose every thought is rhythm can embody music, can comprehend its mysteries, its divine inspirations, and can alone speak to the senses of its intellectual revelations. Although spirits may feed upon it as we do upon air, yet it may not nourish all mortal men; and those privileged few alone, who have drawn from its heavenly source, may aspire to hold spiritual converse with it. How few are these! for, like the thousands who marry for love, and who profess love, whilst Love will single out but one amongst them, so also will thousands court Music, whilst she turns a deaf ear to all, but the chosen few. She too, like her sister-arts, is based upon morality—that fountain-head of genuine invention! And would you know the true principle on which the arts *may* be won?—It is to bow to their immutable terms, to lay all passion and vexation of spirit prostrate at their feet, and to approach their divine presence with a mind so calm and so void of littleness as to be ready to receive the dictates of Fantasy and the revelations of Truth. Thus the art becomes a divinity, man approaches her with religious feelings, his inspirations are God's divine gifts,

and his aim fixed by the same hand from above, which helps him to attain it.

"We know not whence our knowledge is derived. The seeds which lie dormant in us require the dew, the warmth, and the electricity of the soil, to spring up, to ripen into thought, and to break forth. Music is the electrical soil in which the mind thrives, thinks, and invents, whilst philosophy damps its ardour in an attempt to reduce it to a fixed principle.

"Although the mind can scarcely call its own that, which it produces through inspiration, yet it feasts upon these productions, and feels that in them alone lies its independence, its power, its approximation to the Deity, its intercourse with man, and that these, more than all, bear witness of a beneficent Providence.

"Music herself teaches us harmony; for *one* musical thought bears upon the whole kindred of ideas, and each is linked to the other, closely and indissolubly, by the ties of harmony.

"The mind creates more readily when touched by the electrical spark: my whole nature is electric. But let me cease with my unfathomable wisdom, or I might miss the rehearsal. Write of me to Göthe—that is, if you have understood

me; but mark me, I am not answerable for anything, although ready to be taught by him."

I promised to write to you as best I could. He took me to a grand rehearsal with full orchestra. There I sat quite alone in a box, in the vast unlit space: single gleams of light stole through crevices and knot-holes in the walls, dancing like a stream of glittering sparks. There I saw this great genius exercise his sovereignty. Oh! Göthe, no Emperor or King feels so entirely his power, and that all might proceeds from himself, as this Beethoven, who but just now in the garden was at a loss to find from whom it *did* come. He stood there with such firm decision; his gestures, his countenance, expressed the completion of his creation; he prevented every error, every misconception—not a breath but was under command—all were set in the most sedulous activity by the majestic presence of his mind. One might prophesy that a spirit like this might, in a future state of perfection, reappear as the ruler of a world.

I put all this down last night, and this morning read it to him. He said, "Did I say this? —Well then I have had my *raptus*." He read it again most attentively, erased the above, and

wrote between the lines; for he wishes above all that you should understand him.

* * * * * *

BETTINE.

GÖTHE TO BETTINE.

* * * * * *

* * * * *

Say everything that is kind for me to Beethoven, and that I would willingly bring a sacrifice to make his acquaintance, when a mutual interchange of ideas would certainly lead to the most beneficial results. May be, you could persuade him to visit Karlsbad and meet me there on my annual tour, for then I should have leisure to hear and be tutored by him. As to his being taught by me, that would be a sacrilege indeed, even in those more competent than I am; for surely his genius enlightens him, and will often dart flashes of brightness around him, whilst we are groping in the dark, scarcely sensible of the approaching dawn. I should be delighted if Beethoven would send me my two Songs which he has composed, but clearly written. I am most anxious to hear them, since nothing gives

me greater pleasure and lays a firmer hold on my gratitude than the finding such poems of a former period embodied and sensualised anew by music, as Beethoven justly calls it.

* * * * * *

GÖTHE.

BETTINE TO GÖTHE.

Dearest Friend,

I have shown Beethoven your beautiful letter, as far as it concerned him: he was overjoyed, and cried, "If any one can brighten him up about music, it is I." He was most enthusiastic about your proposal of meeting him at Karlsbad, struck his forehead, and said, "Might I not have done this before? But i' faith I did think of it, and was restrained by timidity; that *will* sometimes worry me as though I were not a man of the right mettle; but I am no more afraid of Göthe now. Make sure therefore of my seeing him next year."

No. V.

A DAY WITH BEETHOVEN.*

[Extract of a letter from Vienna to a friend in London.]

I now fulfil the promise I made on my departure for Germany last summer, of giving you, from time to time, an account of whatever might appear interesting in the fine arts, particularly in music; and as I then told you that I should not confine myself to any order of time and place, I commence at once with Vienna. This is the city which, speaking of music, must be called, by way of eminence, the capital of Germany. As to the sciences, it is quite otherwise, it being generally considered as one of the most inferior of the German Universities. The north of Germany has at all times possessed the best theorists —the Bachs, Marpurg, Kirnberger, Schwenke, Türk; but the men most celebrated for composition were always more numerous in the south, above all in Vienna. Here Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, M. v. Weber, Spohr, &c., not only received their musical education, but

* From the Harmonicon, January, 1824.

most of them produced the works which have acquired them the greatest celebrity; and, even at the present period, Vienna abounds with eminent musicians—C. Kreutzer, Stadler, Mayseder, C. Czerny, Pixis, and that young prodigy on the piano-forte, Liszt. To give you a succinct account only of the present state of music in Vienna would exceed the limits of a letter; I will therefore rather devote the remainder of this to one who is still the brightest ornament of that imperial city—to Beethoven. You must not, however, expect from me now anything like a biography—that I shall reserve for a future communication. I wish now to give you only a short account of a single day's visit to the great man, and if, in my narration, I should appear to dwell on trifling points, you will be good enough to attribute it to my veneration for Beethoven, which leads me to consider everything highly interesting that is in the slightest degree connected with so distinguished a character.

The 28th of September, 1823, will be ever recollected by me as a *dies faustus;* in truth, I do not know that I ever spent a happier day. Early in the morning I went, in company with two Vienna gentlemen, one of whom, Mr. H., is known as the very intimate friend of Beethoven,

to the beautifully situated village of Baden,* about twelve miles from Vienna, where the latter usually resides during the summer months. Being with Mr. H., I had not to encounter any difficulty in being admitted into his presence. He looked very sternly at me at first, but he immediately after shook me heartily by the hand, as if an old acquaintance, for he then clearly recollected my first visit to him in 1816, though it had been but of a very short duration, —a proof of his excellent memory.

I found, to my sincere regret, a considerable alteration in his appearance, and it immediately struck me that he looked very unhappy. The complaints he afterwards made to Mr. H. confirmed my apprehensions. I feared that he would not be able to understand one word of what I said; in this, however, I rejoice to say I was much deceived, for he made out very well all that I addressed to him slowly and in a loud tone. From his answers it was clear that not a particle of what Mr. H. uttered had been lost, though neither the latter nor myself used a ma-

* A neat little walled town of Austria, famous for its hot baths, seated on the river Schwocha. This must not be confounded with the more celebrated town of the same name in Switzerland.

chine. From this you will justly conclude that the accounts respecting his deafness lately spread in London are much exaggerated. I should mention, though, that when he plays on the piano-forte, it is generally at the expense of some twenty or thirty strings, he strikes the keys with so much force. Nothing can possibly be more lively, more animated, and, to use an epithet that so well characterises his own Symphonies, more energetic, than his conversation when you have once succeeded in getting him into good humour; but one unlucky question, one ill-judged piece of advice—for instance, concerning the cure of his deafness—is quite sufficient to estrange him from you for ever.

He was desirous of ascertaining, for a particular composition he was then about, the highest possible note of the trombone, and questioned Mr. H. accordingly, but did not seem satisfied with his answers. He then told me that he had in general taken care to inform himself, through the different artists themselves, concerning the construction, character, and compass of all the principal instruments. He introduced his nephew to me, a fine young man of about eighteen, who is the only relation with whom he lives on terms of friendship, saying, "You may propose

to him an enigma in Greek, if you like;" meaning, I was informed, to acquaint me with the young man's knowledge of that language. The history of this relative reflects the highest credit on Beethoven's goodness of heart; the most affectionate father could not have made greater sacrifices on his behalf than he has made.

After we had been more than an hour with him, we agreed to meet at dinner, at one o'clock, in that most romantic and beautiful valley called *das Helenenthal,* about two miles from Baden. After having seen the baths and other curiosities of the town, we called again at his house about twelve o'clock, and, as we found him already waiting for us, we immediately set out on our walk for the valley. Beethoven is a famous pedestrian, and delights in walks of many hours, particularly through wild and romantic scenery: nay, I was told that he sometimes passes whole nights on such excursions, and is frequently missed at home for several days. On our way to the valley, he often stopped short and pointed out to me its most beautiful spots, or noticed the defects of the new buildings. At other times he seemed quite lost in himself, and only hummed in an unintelligible manner; I understood, however, that this was the way he com-

posed, and I also learnt that he never writes one note down till he has formed a clear design for the whole piece.

The day being remarkably fine, we dined in the open air, and what seemed to please Beethoven extremely was, that we were the only visitors in the hotel, and quite by ourselves during the whole day. The Viennese repasts are famous all over Europe, and that ordered for us was so luxurious, that Beethoven could not help making remarks on the profusion which it displayed. "Why such a variety of dishes?" he exclaimed; "man is but little above other animals, if his chief pleasure is confined to a dinner-table." This and similar reflections he made during our meal. The only thing he likes in the way of food is fish, of which trout is his favourite. He is a great enemy to all *gêne*, and I believe that there is not another individual in Vienna who speaks with so little restraint on all kinds of subjects, even political ones, as Beethoven. He hears badly, but he speaks remarkably well, and his observations are as characteristic and as original as his compositions.

In the whole course of our table-talk there was nothing so interesting as what he said about Handel. I sat close by him and heard him

assert very distinctly in German, "Handel is the greatest composer that ever lived."* I cannot describe to you with what pathos, and, I am inclined to say, with what sublimity of language, he spoke of the Messiah of this immortal genius. Every one of us was moved when he said, "I would uncover my head and kneel down on his tomb!" H. and I tried repeatedly to turn the conversation to Mozart, but without effect; I only heard him say, "In a monarchy we know who is the first;" which might or might not apply to the subject. Mr. C. Czerny, who, by the by, knows every note of Beethoven's by heart, though he does not play one single composition of his own without the music before him, told me, however, that Beethoven was sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of Mozart. It is worthy of remark that this great musician cannot bear to hear his own earlier works praised; and I was apprised that a sure way to make him angry is to say something complimentary of his Septetts, Trios, &c. His latest productions, which are so little relished in London, but much ad-

* Mozart expressed himself in a similar manner; and Haydn, when at a performance of the Messiah in Westminster Abbey, was nearly overpowered by its sublime strains, and wept like a child.

mired by the young artists of Vienna, are his favourites: his second Mass he looks upon as his best work, I understood.

He is at present engaged in writing a new opera called *Melusine*, the words by the famous but unfortunate poet Grillparzer. He concerns himself very little about the newest productions of living composers, insomuch that, when asked about the *Freischütz*, he replied, "I believe *one* Weber has written it." You will be pleased to hear that he is a great admirer of the ancients; Homer, particularly his Odyssey, and Plutarch, he prefers to all the rest; and of the native poets, he studies Schiller and Göthe in preference to any other; this latter is his personal friend. He appears uniformly to entertain the most favourable opinion of the British nation. "I like," said he, "the noble simplicity of the English manners," and added other praises. It seemed to me as if he had yet some hopes of visiting this country together with his nephew. I should not forget to mention that I heard a MS. Trio of his, for the piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, which I thought very beautiful, and is, I understood, to appear shortly in London. The portrait you see of him in the music-shops is not now like him, but may have been so eight

or ten years back. I could tell you many things more of this extraordinary man, who, from what I have seen and learnt of him, has inspired me with the deepest veneration; but I fear I have taken up your time already too much. The friendly and hearty manner in which he treated me, and bade me farewell, has left an impression on my mind, which will remain for life. Adieu.

Σ.

No. VI.

A Visit to Beethoven.*

[Extract from a letter written by an English lady, dated Vienna, October, 1825.]

The imperial library is the finest room I ever saw, and the librarian very agreeable and obliging. What will you say when I tell you, that after taking an infinity of trouble, he succeeded in obtaining for me an introduction to Beethoven, who is exceedingly difficult of access; but, in answer to the note requesting that I might be allowed to visit him, wrote—

"Avec le plus grand plaisir je recevrai une fille de * * * * *.—Beethoven."

We went to *Baden*, a pretty little town in the Archduchy of Austria, about fifteen miles south-west of Vienna, much frequented for its hot baths, (whence it derives its name, similarly to our Bath,) where *the giant of living composers*, as Mr. —— always pleases me by calling him, retires during the summer months.

The people seemed surprised at our taking so much trouble; for, unaccountable as it may seem to those who have any knowledge of or

* From the Harmonicon, December, 1825.

taste for music, his reign in Vienna is over, except in the hearts of a chosen few, with whom, by the bye, I have not yet met * * * * *, and I was even taught to expect a rough, unceremonious reception. When we arrived, he had just returned home, through a shower of rain, and was changing his coat. I almost began to be alarmed, after all that I had heard of his *brusquerie*, lest he should not receive us very cordially, when he came forth from his Sanctum with a hurried step and apparently very nervous; but he addressed us in so gentle, so courteous, so sweet a manner, and with such a truth in his sweetness, that I only know Mr. —— with whom he can be compared, whom he much resembles in features, person, address, and also in opinions. He is very short, extremely thin, and sufficiently attentive to personal appearance. He observed that * * * was very fond of Handel, that he himself also *loved* him, and proceeded for some time eulogising that great composer. I conversed with him in writing, for I found it impossible to render myself audible; and, though this was a very clumsy mode of communicating, it did not much signify, as he talked on, freely and willingly, and did not wait for questions, or seem to expect long replies. I ventured to ex-

press my admiration of his compositions, and, among others, praised his *Adelaide* in terms by no means too strong for my sense of its beauties. He very modestly remarked that the poetry was beautiful.

Beethoven speaks good French, at least by comparison with most other Germans, and conversed a little with * * * in Latin. He told us that he should have *spoken* English, but that his deafness had prevented his acquiring more of our language than the power of reading it. He said that he preferred English to French writers, because "*ils sont plus vrais.*" Thomson is his favourite author, but his admiration for Shakspeare is very great indeed.

When we were about to retire, he desired us to stop—"*Je veux vous donner un souvenir de moi.*" He then went to a table in an adjoining room and wrote two lines of music—a little Fugue for the pianoforte—and presented it to me in a most amiable manner. He afterwards desired that I would spell my name to him, that he might inscribe his Impromptu to me correctly. He now took my arm and led me into the room where he had written, that I might see the whole of his apartment, which was quite that of an author, but perfectly clean; and,

though indicating nothing like superfluity of wealth, did not show any want of either useful furniture, or neatness in arrangement. It must be recollected, however, that this is his country residence, and that the Viennese are not so costly or particular in their domestic details as we English. I led him back very gently to a room on the other side, in which was placed his grand pianoforte, by Broadwood, but he looked, I thought, melancholy at the sight of it, and said that it was very much out of order, for the country tuner was exceedingly bad. He struck some notes to convince me; nevertheless, I placed on the desk the page of MS. music which he had just given me, and he played it through quite simply, but prefaced it by three or four chords—such handfuls of notes—that would have gone to Mr. ——'s heart. He then stopped, and I would not on any account ask for more, as I found that he played without any satisfaction to himself.

We took leave of each other in a tone, of what in France would be called confirmed friendship; and he said, quite voluntarily, that if he came to England, he would certainly pay us a visit.

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